

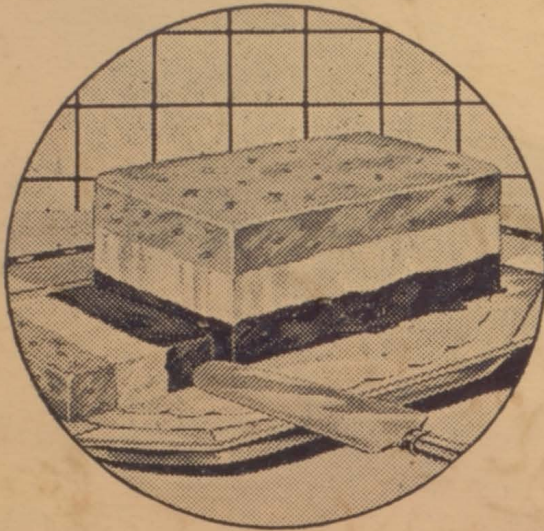
THE PIVOT

CENTRAL COMMERCIAL AND M. TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

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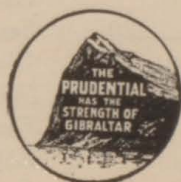
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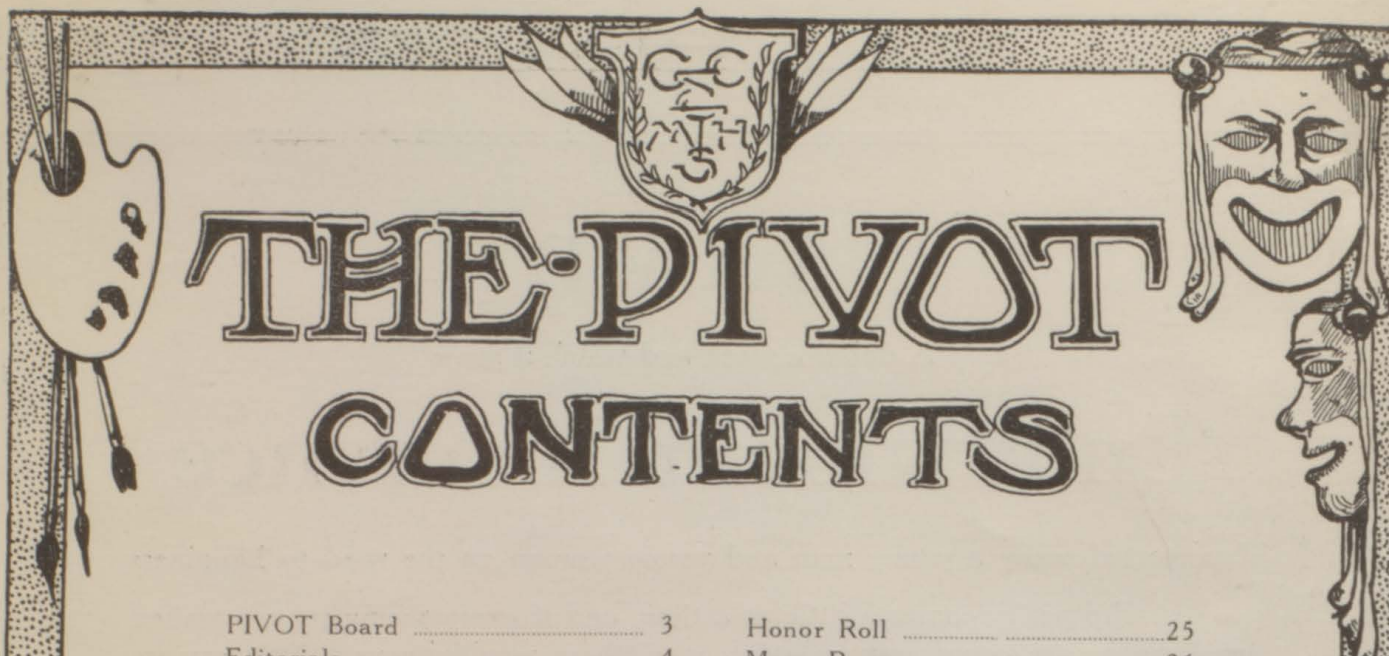
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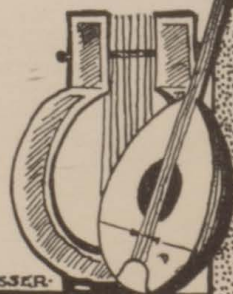
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THE PIVOT

NEWARK,

MAY, 1924

NEW JERSEY

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No. 6

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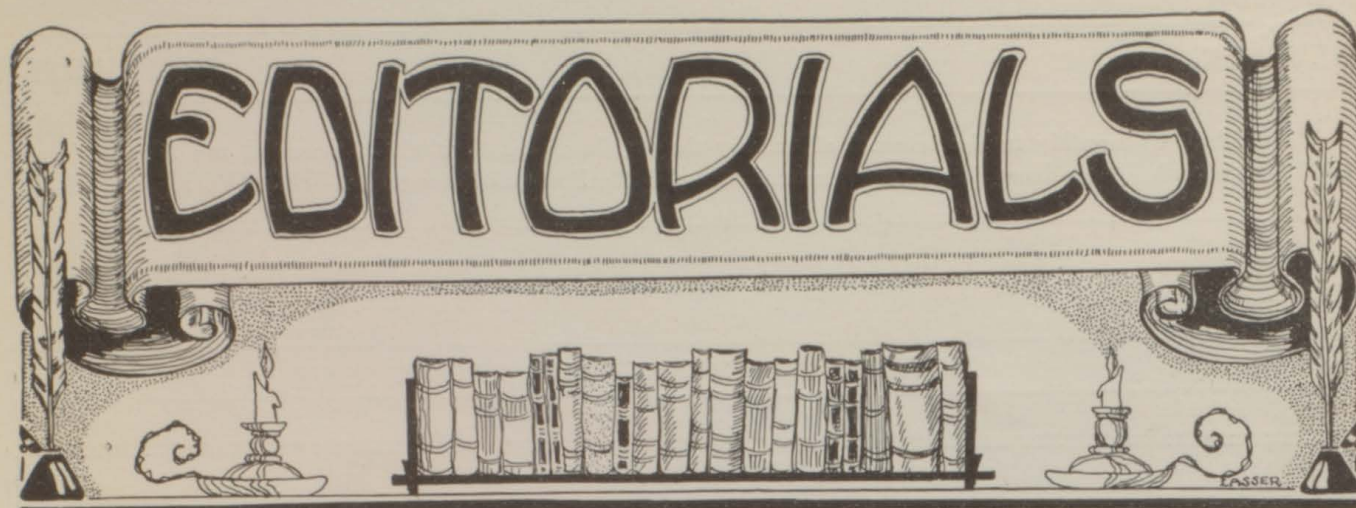
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FAREWELL CENTRAL!

We are about to be graduated! From the time we entered Central as "green" freshmen we have looked forward with great anticipation to this important event. We have seen other classes tensed with the excitement that is evident at each commencement. Now our turn is at hand. We are likewise imbued with enthusiasm for the preparation of the oncoming ceremonies.

In spite of all this anxiety we look back and reflect upon our stay at Central and visualize with affection all that our dear Alma Mater has accomplished for us. We have gained a certain amount of actual knowledge to provide a basis for future study. The advantages we received from the association of such noble teachers as Central High can justly boast of are manifold. We have contracted many acquaintances and friendships that have been both delightful and beneficial.

We now can truthfully assert that although we are anxious to further our education or make a success of our business career, as the case may be, we realize we shall miss Central High School and all that it stands for. We shall miss our Principal, who has been our guide and friend. We shall miss our teachers, who have unselfishly devoted to us so much of their time and energy. Lastly, we shall miss our classmates, who have shared our joys and sorrows.

Central, Alma Mater
'Tis time for parting now
'Tis time that we were leaving
And make our final bow.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SENIORS

Usually as the Seniors leave our portals of learning, they retrospect and acknowledge their thanks to our Principal, our faculty, and our school. In this issue, opposite this editorial, is one of the usual senior editorials embodying all the esteem and respect the Senior Class has for us.

Seldom do we think that to our departing Seniors we also owe a tribute, a tribute glorifying their spirit, energy and endeavors. They have all helped Central to hold its foremost place among high schools of the state. They have aided our athletic teams, our clubs, our plays, our freshmen, and other social functions. We have all felt the surge of this sound-headed and sound-bodied group of students.

This pulsing, palpitating, and energetic body will soon be lost to Central. But not forever. Their devotion and untiring efforts for our general welfare will constantly remain as a fitting monument to their triumphal march; from their day of entrance as boys and girls to their day of departure as men and women.

Good luck, and success be with them.

—D. S.

O Central, Alma Mater,
We bid you all adieu;
And to our dear old teachers
Farewell, farewell to you!

—E. S.

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THE OPPORTUNITY SCHOOLS (THE ALL-YEAR PLAN)

All-year schools have been in operation in Newark for twelve years. They were heralded by the highest educational authorities as a wholesome contribution to education, and for a decade have been looked upon with favor. Their growth was not sudden; it was gradual, as their worth became apparent. Intervals of several years marked their extension, two schools being established in 1912, one in 1915, two in 1916, and four in 1920.

AMERICANIZATION

It is admitted by everybody that the all-year school has been a success from the standpoint of socialization. Since the problem of assimilating children of the foreign born is one of prime importance, Newark has good reason to be proud that it maintains an institution which is coping with the problem successfully. Even those not expert in schoolcraft can readily understand that children of congested neighborhoods are better off under school influences in July and August than under conditions that they would obtain were the schools closed.

Proof of the unlifting influence of all-year schools lies in the fact that children are easier to manage when kept in constant touch with the school. Bad habits ordinarily contracted by a long summer vacation have less opportunity to develop, while the children naturally inclined to make trouble are moved along through the grades more rapidly, causing them to be more interested in their studies and less inclined to be disorderly. Formerly the low grades contained many over-age pupils, some of whom were difficult to control. Now in the all-year schools, retardation has been overcome, with the result that teachers may discipline less and teach more. If all-yearness has brought about an improvement in conduct (character), then it has accomplished something toward fulfilling the chief aim of educational endeavor.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

Not only do children profit socially by schooling that continues through the summer months, but they

gain educationally as well, for it is obvious that children can learn more in twelve months than in ten. It is folly to suppose that the brain becomes dormant or must lie inactive in July and August. The fact is, one can study and learn just as much in July as in January. It is a good plan, therefore, to give children, especially those that are handicapped in so many ways and still have the ambition to learn, an opportunity to improve themselves intellectually during the summer months. Otherwise, because of language difficulties and other adverse conditions, many children would be effectually barred from all chance of receiving a public school education. We have thousands of children who could not, before reaching working age, complete the course in a regular ten-month school. They need the two extra months each year to offset their natural handicaps. To deny such children all-year advantages would be tantamount to depriving them of a complete American public school education. Nor should we overlook the fact that it is the children who are least favored socially that need education most. Our welfare, as much as theirs, depends upon education.

About seventy-five per cent. of those attending all-year schools return to school for the summer term, and they do so voluntarily. There is no law to compel them to return. That so many pupils should be willing to give up a vacation for the sake of learning is a glowing tribute not only to the attractiveness of our schools, but to the fundamental goodness of our children. It seems everything but wise, therefore, to ignore the demands of three-fourths of our all-year school population. More than 13,000 of Newark's children enrolled in nine schools have such ambition to obtain an education that they attend regular school sessions during the vacation period. The mere statement of this fact is sufficient to guide us in the proper direction.

SCHOLARSHIP

The assertion that graduates of all-year schools do not do well in high school needs qualification. Because all-year schools are situated in districts where

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children hear a foreign language at home and where the surroundings are not altogether favorable for the best educational results, failures are bound to be relatively numerous. Children so handicapped are at a disadvantage regardless of the type of elementary school they attend. It is a matter of record that the graduates of ten-month schools situated in certain crowded neighborhoods are relatively inferior in ability to do high school work. The ten-month school does not increase their native ability. The all-year school, on the other hand, by additional training, tends to offset their disabilities. Also, it must be remembered that the all-year plan enables us to graduate pupils who, under the ten-month plan, would drop out of school before graduation. In other words, the all-year plan gives the dull pupil a chance to graduate, while the traditional plan gives him no chance. Consequently, only the brightest of the regular schools are compared with the rank and file of the all-year schools and, hence, ought to show a better record. Also, it is well to remember that many children living in congested districts find it difficult to meet high school requirements, because they lack suitable places for study and can obtain little assistance at home. They fail, not because they lack intelligence, but because of certain conditions under which they must live. It is manifestly unfair to charge such failures to all-year schooling merely because all-year schools happen to be located in these districts. The significance of the figures bearing upon this subject is not that all-yearness makes the product inferior, but that schools in crowded city districts have many handicapped children to deal with. What is to be marveled at is not that some of these children fail in high school, but that they are enabled to reach high school.

It may happen that some pupils go to high school poorly prepared, but since poor scholarship is not confined to all-year schools, there is no justice in placing blame for such conditions upon the all-year plan.

There is no good reason for promoting pupils too rapidly in any school. Wherever this mistake is being made, the proper remedy should be applied, and that remedy is simply not to promote pupils until they are fit for promotion. The remedy is the same for both all-year and ten-month schools. Abolishment of all-yearness would aggravate, not remedy, the situation, for the handicapped children would have little opportunity to overcome their handicaps.

What has been said of high school records applies also to records obtained by our school surveys. Some all-year schools made a good showing, others, a poor one, but the same is true of regular schools. In general, records made by the "two-language" schools were inferior, regardless of the type of organization, this inferiority being due principally to the children's not knowing the English language well.

THE TIME ELEMENT

It has been said that the short term of the all-year school is a disadvantage because the school must be reorganized so many times during the year, but the truth is that several reorganizations are not necessary and are not actually made, for it is just as easy to arrange that a teacher keep a class a year under the all-year plan as under the regular plan. This is a matter of administration. Even the reorganization of July 1st, when about one-fourth of the pupils leave for the summer, may be effected without loss to the pupils, if the plan is administered with care. From the standpoint of the children the short term is really an advantage, for when a pupil fails he must repeat only three months' work, while in a ten-month school a child must wait either five or seven months before receiving another opportunity for promotion—five if he fails in February, seven if he fails in June. Certainly it is better for a pupil to lose only three months than it is for him to lose six. To children who cannot afford to remain in school many years this is an important item. Under the all-year plan a pupil may fail once during the year and still accomplish a full year's work as measured by the course of the ten-month school. Repetitions of grades in the all-year school are not so costly to children and do not prevent ultimate success: in the ten month schools repetitions are serious and lead to almost certain failure to graduate.

It has been said, however, that pupils do not save much time by attending school all year. (Please note that in one breath it is said that they gain so much time that they reach high school too young, and that in another it is said that they really gain little time). By the all-year plan children are given an opportunity to do in *nine* months what others do in *ten*. Then for the next three months they may ad-

(Continued on page 93)

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FROM PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

April 29, 1924.

Dear Parents:—

Duty! How many ideas it brings to mind! Duty, a word all-enveloping in its magnitude! All of our acts involve duty. Duty to self, to parents, friends, country—in fact every right act is the result of duty consciously or unconsciously performed. We readily understand why our children must ever have the thought of duty before them.

Duty is the guardian and director of our conscience. It is necessary to imbue our children with the conception of duties well accomplished. Duty well performed loses its routine when it comes from the heart and becomes glorified into service.

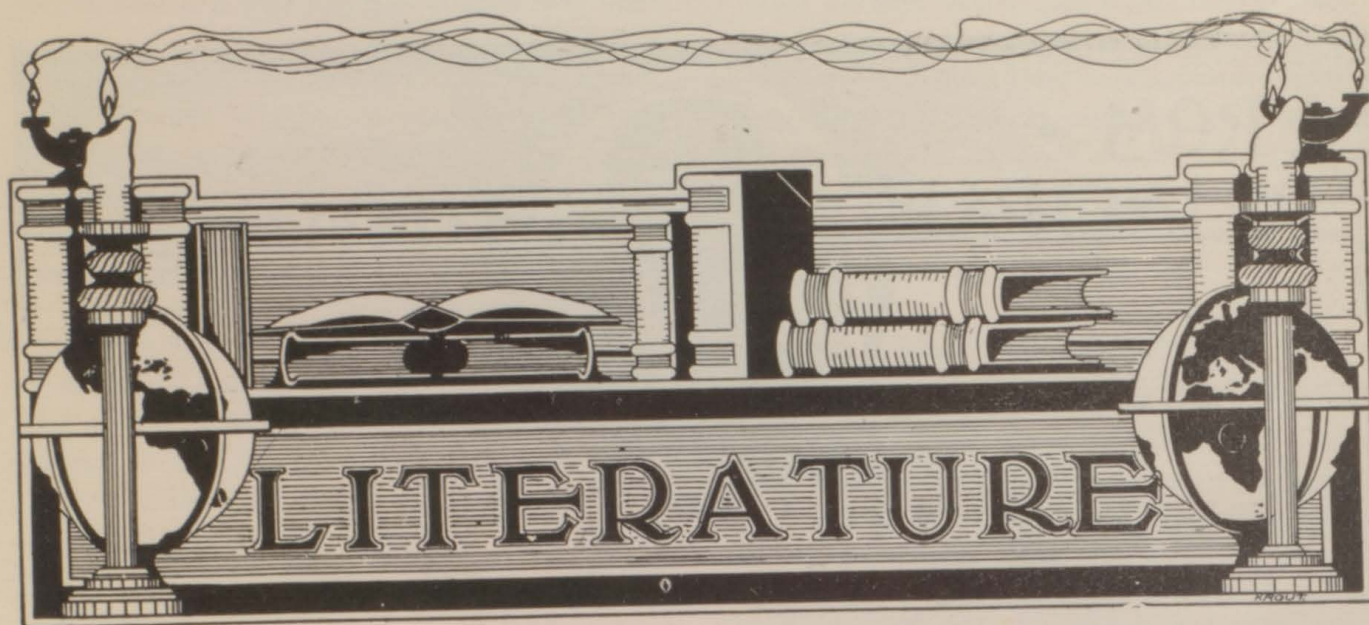
Too many of us fail to do our duty to ourselves. Is your child doing his full duty to himself or to society? One way in which children fail to do their duty is to neglect school tasks and duties. Children should regard it as a duty to be in their places each day, eager to do their day's work, with the feeling of appreciation of the opportunities offered them. If children are imbued with the feeling that school is a privilege involving the duty of tasks well done, the school will be cleared of retarded pupils who are clogging the system and preventing the ambitious from progressing. Unpreventable causes may result in failure, but most of the failures are due to neglect of duty.

If each child does its duty to the very best of its ability, life will be happier and our schools will be able to accommodate all who are seeking admission. Urge your children to see to it that they do their duty at all times thoroughly and willingly.

William Wiener

Principal.

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DRUMS OF DOOM

By Morris Targer

Nestling in among the Raveaux Hills lies D'Aubrey, a tiny French village of some four hundred people. Picture Dawn! The sun, a molten ball of fire creeps slowly up above the waving green meadows, darting forth multicolored streaks of flame. At length with a startling suddenness, Old Sol blazes forth upon a peaceful world, gleaming wondrously in all his dazzling splendor. A new day has come!

The sleepy little hamlet begins to awaken. A cock's shrill clarion—the yelp of a dog and a thin line of smoke begins to curl towards the heavens. Then another and another. Soon Andre Valtier, big of bone and heart is seen walking to his blacksmith shop, singing to himself. He is at peace with the world. A few minutes later, the clang of the anvil rings out midst the neighing of many horses.

As if by signal immediately all the little shops and booths began to open and the children to appear, walking in merry groups of threes and fours, going to school with their books in their arms. The tinkling of a cowbell, the faint bah-h of a sheep—all chimed in to make this an atmosphere of quiet and serenity.

Then from the Mme. Valtier's house, darted a slim, lissome girl of some eighteen summers. Her hair was a deep chestnut brown, that matched Old Sol

in radiance, her smooth oval face with just a tinge of red in each cheek was as smooth as a baby's. Her eyes were big and brown and sparkled mischievously. Her nose was a bit tilted and her full red lips surrounded a set of pearl white teeth. This was Roxie Valtier, daughter of the blacksmith. With a sudden peal of joy, Roxie raced away as light as a fawn, for walking ahead she espied Raoul Lenisse, her betrothed. When but a few yards distant she raised her voice and said, in a tone of mock severity, "So, this is how my beloved one acts. He does not even deign to see his little Roxie. Oh!" she cried tremulously, "I am mad with anger," and she stamped her tiny foot on the ground.

On hearing her voice, Raoul immediately turned around and seeing who it was, walked back hastily and took her in his arms in a bear-like embrace.

"Oh," she cried, looking up into his dark, handsome face. "I love you."

"And I you," returned the happy Raoul as he pressed his lips to hers. Then he released her and flushed but glad, they both continued to walk along the road, her ridiculously small hand in his own, each wrapt in silence. So they continued until they came to the crossroads, where they parted, Raoul to go to

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work, and Roxie to continue her wanderings o'er the country-side. Like a flitting bird she sped away over trickling brooks and fallen leaves, racing with the twittering birds and bees. Like this she roamed the whole day, stopping in one place to eat some berries and drink from a brook. At length when the day began to wane, Roxie, tired but happy, with her arms full of sweet wild flowers for her darling mother, tramped slowly into the village. Lights had already begun to appear in some houses—crickets chirped and the frogs croaked and splashed in the distant swamp, the moon peeked forth from behind a fast disappearing cloud—a myriad of stars shone brightly against the dark blue of the tranquil heavens—while down by the old mill the wild roses cast a delicate scent over the entire neighborhood—an owl hooted mournfully in a nearby tree—nightfall.

Roxie came into the house, received a mild scolding from her mother as was usual, which she kissed away as usual, put the flowers in a vase and went to her room. Not much later she reappeared in a quaint little gown, her hair surrounded by a ribbon while tiny feet peeped forth from beneath her exceedingly wide dress. Came supper—the prayer and then the rattle of dishes.

Pere and Mere Valtier beamed proudly upon their loving daughter and felt devoutly thankful to the Almighty for having blessed them with such a dainty piece of femininity. After supper, the dishes washed and put away, Roxie sat down to wait for Raoul. Mother sat busily knitting, while great, big father puffed contentedly on his briar and read the news of the day. Suddenly came a knock on the door. Roxie sprang up, went to the door and admitted the expected one. He came in, entirely at ease, bowed to her parents and began to talk of what was going on. Yes, the Revolutionists were stirring up trouble. War was inevitable. The people must have liberty and be freed from the oppression and tyranny of the Nobility. If the opportunity came, he himself would go. It was his pledge. His pledge to his dead parents. Roxie shuddered, and with a forced laugh said, "Come, stop this talk of war and disaster. It unnerves me. Come Raoul, we will out and play with the moonbeams. See, they beckon." And with this they went out together leaving the Valtiers to speak in a troubled fa-hion of this cloud that hovered on the horizon.

"My God," muttered Valtier. "If this war should come, I dread to think what would happen to us. Mon dieu, the Four Horsemen would ride on faster than ever."

Mme. Valtier sighed but made no comment.

Meanwhile Roxie and Raoul had thrown aside trouble and were now only concerned in one another. They walked arm in arm towards the Inn, whispering softly. On the way, they paused at the head of the lake and gazed out on the clear expanse of water that was now as smooth as a mirror. Save for the droning insects and the soft lapping of the waters on the shore, all was quiet. Raoul and Roxie, however, soon continued on to the Inn. At length they arrived there. The cheery lights and laughter beckoned to them, so in they went. All was merry. The two squeaky fiddlers in the corner played while the people danced until, in a great burst of applause the dance ended. Raoul and Roxie quietly went to a corner table and began to sip wine and eat cake. It was a cheerful atmosphere. No one dreamed of the horrors that were soon to come.

Suddenly, the door burst open and a crowd of noblemen (probably bound for some castle) entered and demanded wine in boisterous tones, disdainfully gazing at the same time, at the hushed people. Roxie and Raoul paid no attention to them but continued to whisper to one another. So the hours flew. It was time to go, so they both arose and started for the door. The noblemen, in the meantime had been drinking heavily and as Raoul and Roxie passed them, they all glanced at the belle of the town and admired her refined beauty and lithe figure in audible tones. One nobleman, L'Estrange, by name, staggered noisily after them and clumsily stretched out his hand to detain Roxie.

"Stay, my doll," he spoke, "stay awhile longer. I want you to kiss me." Raoul, who had been standing near, took a step forward until he stood between Roxie and L'Estrange. Then with a sudden movement he brought his hand with a sudden slap to the cheek of L'Estrange. The room grew painfully silent. L'Estrange sobered a bit. He was white and the imprint of Raoul's hand was still on his cheek. Raoul, a step away, was trembling with passion, while Roxie, holding his arm was very much afraid.

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"Monsieur," spoke L'Estrange, in a voice entirely sober and deathly cold, "this must be avenged. You must fight me tonight, now in fact, as in an hour, we leave."

Raoul bowed. Then Roxie burst forth, "Raoul, if you love me, do not fight, you will be killed." Her voice rose, "I beg of you, my dear betrothed, do not fight."

Raoul, tight lipped, spoke: "Gentlemen, I go to bring my beloved home. But I return before the hour is ten. Adieu." Then turning to Roxie, he said, "Come, dear one, the hour is late. It is high time you were safe in your mother's arms. Allons." He strode out into the starry night, followed by the tearful Roxie.

"Flower of flowers," he said to Roxie, "not even for you can I jeopardize my honor. I will teach this unruly pig of a nobleman to stay where he belongs and to keep his soiled hands away from my lily."

Finally they arrived home. In a few terse words, Raoul explained everything. Valtier nodded understandingly and with a crushing grip of hands wished him luck while Mme. Valtier kissed him. Roxie had gone to bed where she cried herself into a troubled sleep.

Raoul immediately went to his rooms for his sword. Unknown to anyone outside the village, Raoul was one of the best of France's swordmen. Still he knew that he was to face a worthy opponent, for in L'Estrange, he was pitted against Nobility's deadliest sword. Soon he arrived at the Inn; every thing had been prepared and cleared away. He burst through the door and, taking off his coat (L'Estrange had his off already) Raoul unsheathed his sword and began to make passes in the air. After a moment or two he was satisfied. His wrist had not lost its flexibility by any means. Raoul approached L'Estrange and smilingly said, "I am ready, Jean Jacques yonder," and he pointed to a friend of his, "will second me."

L'Estrange bowed coldly. They both went to the center of the room, raised their weapons and the fight was on. Raoul was cautious and played the defensive as he wanted to test L'Estrange's abilities. He was impressed by the skillful way in which L'Estrange handled his weapon and knew that his adversary would press him hard. However, L'Estrange angered that this peasant should give him

such a hard battle, doubled the fury of his attack. But this frenzy was short lived and soon L'Estrange found himself breathing hard. Now Raoul took the the offensive. The clash of steel resounded through the entire Inn. Lightning-like thrusts were evident on both sides. Feint—parry—thrust—and so it was. But it seemed that L'Estrange was getting heavy on his feet. His eyes were glaring and his tongue was dry. He seemed to be battling against a resistless force. Time and again as he would glance at Raoul's eyes, he would become disheartened, for there lurked but one purpose—to kill. Finally Raoul thought that L'Estrange had gone far enough. And now the spectators were treated to a bit of sword play that made their eyes glisten. Like a flame was Raoul's sword—glittering here and there—feinting—thrusting and parrying. At last with a tremendous thrust he drove his sword through L'Estrange and watched him fall as the death rattle sounded in his throat.

The Nobility, too amazed to do anything, could only gaze awe stricken at their fallen comrade. That he, L'Estrange, the deadliest sword of all France, should have been killed by a mere commoner and killed by superior swordsmanship was quite impossible. Raoul quick to grasp his opportunity, ran from the Inn. For he knew that to be caught now by the Nobility would mean death. Already had M. Guillotine made his appearance with his deadly instrument of destruction. So with the speed of a deer, he ran to Valtier's home, where he found Valtier waiting outside for him anxiously with a saddled horse and other necessities. "God speed, my boy," he whispered to Raoul, little dreaming that he would never see him again.

Now, like a flitting shadow, Roxie appeared, with eyes red from weeping. Raoul took her in his arms.

"Desire of my heart," he spoke pantingly, "I must go. But not for long." He covered her lips and cheeks with kisses and then, thrusting her from him, mounted his horse and, with a wave of his hand rode away into the night.

Faintly o'er the hills came the threatening beat of rolling drums. Drums of vengeance! They called incessantly.

Roxie and her father, hand in hand gazed silently after the fast disappearing figure. At length with a

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sigh, Roxie went into the house, while her father, who turned to follow her, thought "It is the beginning of the end."

Raoul in the meantime, sped away, his heart heavy with sorrow; and just as faint streaks of gray tinged the heavens, he rode into the town of Lerveaux, picturesque for its surrounding country. Tired and dusty he dismounted at the Inn and entered. He gruffly ordered some food and closing his eyes, thought bitterly of what had transpired in the last few hours. His meditation was abruptly brought to a close by a hearty slap on the shoulder. Springing up, Raoul was confronted by Luis Rondre, a lifelong friend and companion.

"Raoul," he said, "is it really you? Mon dieu, I have not seen you for ages, son of my father's friend. How are you? And the fair Roxie?"

To Luis, Raoul opened his heart and told him of the wicked blow Fate had dealt him. Luis was a sympathetic listener and after Raoul had finished, Luis said in a low tone of voice: "Raoul, the time is ripe. Two days hence shall the citizenry of Lerveaux rise to arms. We have withstood outrage after outrage. But yesterday was M. Larispierre brutally murdered. He was a kind and gentle man and his foul death has brought forth many vows of vengeance. But, Raoul, will you join us to rid ourselves of the oppressor?" He had arisen and with flashing eyes, unconsciously posed dramatically. Raoul was thrilled and jumping up, he gave his hand to Luis and said simply: "To the end!"

Rolling drums! Fires of vengeance! The spark was kindled. The streets of Lerveaux were uncommonly still this day. Then from an alleyway darted a figure. He was tall and terrible looking. He waved a sword aloft and beckoned apparently to no one. Almost upon the instant, the men of the village and even women with hoarse cries and waving weapons ran to the caller. Two hundred and fifty strong they were—all bent on one purpose—to crush the yoke of tyranny. The drums rattled.

"On to Rantesse," was the cry. "Down with Nobility!"

PART II.

Months passed. The struggle for freedom was perceptably lessening. Slowly the peasantry were

downing the Nobles. Strife and bloodshed were everywhere visible. In Balliere had the rabble attacked the castle of De Rurey, one of the most powerful and greatest nobles of the age, and had massacred the entire household. They had put firebrands to the castle and now but a heap of smoking ruins remained.

Raoul had in the meantime been extremely busy with war. Twice already he had saved the day for peasants—once at Rarre and again at Ferrisse. Now he had become a spy, and his daring and bravery had become a threat to all Nobility.

News traveled fast. And one day Raoul was stricken to learn from a soldier that Roxie's parents had both been brutally murdered. Roxie was saved from the same fate only because she was absent at the time. Now she lived a life of remorse and grief, but greatly embittered at the Nobility. This news stunned Raoul and for a few days afterwards he was not his own self. But then he turned back to his work.

Night! A red glow is seen in the heavens. The sign of strife! Fires of vengeance! They leaped high into the heavens, crackling threateningly.

Rows and rows of sleeping soldiers. The sentries pacing back and forth. Suddenly a figure scurries across a lighted place and then hides in the obscure darkness. Silence! Abruptly a shot rings out, and a flash of flame stabs the darkness. The figure rises and then falls, but crawls painfully away. There is a great bustle in the camp. But this soon dies away and slumber again reigns supreme.

Daybreak! A man crawling over the ground, near Consey, headquarters of the peasants. Immediately, Danton, France's greatest orator, known as the "pock-marked one," in his quarters in the village ordered two soldiers to bring in the fallen man. It was Raoul, almost unconscious. They lifted him tenderly and brought him to the house, where the best possible care was given him. A few days later, as Raoul awoke from his sleep, his eyes strayed to the window. Almost simultaneously six rifle shots rang out and a man fell, stone dead. He was a deserter.

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DIMPLES

By Eva Cohen

It was a most wonderful play. The Producer said so, the Author most assuredly thought so. Even the Leading Man condescended to admit that in all his sixteen years of experience he had never seen a more enjoyable comedy. Indeed, the play bid fair to be one of the best amateur attempts ever produced by any graduating class of the Dayton High School.

But there was something lacking; something that every good play must have. It was a heroine. Yes, out of a class of thirty girls not one could be found to fill that stellar position. Not that they didn't want to. Every single one of them filed an application. Everyone, that is, except Mary Ralson, and she didn't count. You see, she was small and plain and she never smiled. And then she was so horribly clever, too clever ever to be popular. And so she never thought of filing an application.

Now the part of the heroine, called for somebody who was pretty, clever, and able to control her emotions very strictly. This character was named Dimples and she would be a scream if she could be played by the right kind of person. She was funny because she never laughed. When she faced her audience, it must be with an expression so ludicrous that every one must naturally burst into laughter. To be successful she must provoke mirth all the time and her greatest asset must be that comically sad face.

Where, in that class of flappers, could be found one who would not burst out laughing or start giggling at her own funniness?

Where could be found a girl who could be a Dimples without showing any dimples?

The Author was in despair; the Leading Man went around casting imprecations on the whole sex which could not produce one decent actress. The Producer alone said nothing. One day, however, he sent a notice around to the 4A Class.

As a result of that notice, there assembled, after school that day, thirty girls on the stage of the auditorium. Some were self-conscious; some were giggling in the knowledge of their own personal attractions, some touched up lips and cheeks; only one stood up straight and stiff, gazing stolidly at the clock.

There was a stir on the stage when the Producer entered, a stalwart, handsome young man of about twenty winters. He went up to the front of the assembly room and issued his orders in a sharp, commanding tone.

"Each young lady will please take a copy of the leading part from that table in the corner. As I call your names, will you please step up and read until I tell you to stop?"

With an excited flurry the little group did as it was told, and then each awaited her turn. The girls came on one by one, and read from two to four minutes. The recitations were greeted with "Pretty good," or "Fair," and most of the time with "All right." When Mary Ralson came on, he said nothing. She was the last one on the list and after she had read awhile, the gathering was dismissed. All except Mary. When she went home that night, her heart was singing and two unsuspected dimples had appeared in her smooth cheeks, innocent of any suggestion of rouge.

But her excitement was nothing to the shock of the school, the next day, when it heard from the lips of the horrified leading man that Mary Ralston "of all people" had been made the heroine. The Flappers laughed derisively and the "Fellers" snickered openly; but they could do nothing about it, not even the handsome leading man, who begged and pleaded, and threatened, in vain. Never had a budding star taken her place under such difficulties.

The school knew nothing, in the weeks that followed, of the work that that young girl did. They knew nothing of the great professional who coached and molded her, because underneath a stolid exterior Mary Ralston had hidden the heart of an artist, and beneath those indifferent features, she had concealed the expressions which could be found only on the face of the greatest of actresses. The part fitted her like a glove. She was the Dimples who did not dimple, at least not until the grand climax.

Under the praises of the Producer and the professional, her self-consciousness vanished and every bit of prettiness that she possessed came out, until even her classmates began to notice the difference.

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But they did not know the full change until the night of the play.

The auditorium was filled to overflowing. There was no standing room left and even the boxes were crowded. Half the school had come because of curiosity, a desire to know why Mary Ralston had been chosen as Dimples.

They found it out soon enough. When the sad faced little Miss entered, the audience was convulsed and she provoked them to tears and laughter at her own imperious will. And then, when, at the very last, Dimples broke into the most charming and dimpling smile imaginable, they shouted with laughter and rose in a body to cheer the adorable heroine. She was called back again and again, and when at last she sank, breathless and laughing, into a chair, back-stage, the young and good-looking Leading Man, who had received his share of the applause, came up and humbly invited her to attend the Prom with him. He was interrupted by the Producer who, not quite as humbly but every bit as eagerly, begged her to give him the same honor, and when he received the answer he had a wide grin spread across his good-natured face. As for the leading man, he lived to see the now popular Dimples, floating happily in the arms of her producer. Afterwards, he often told friends that he had once played opposite the famous Mary Ralston in an amateur show. And they laughed and told him to "stop his kidding."

CENTRAL'S CREED

By Edward Stark

I believe in Central High School as a school by the students, of the students, and for the students, whose just teachers are rightly chosen; a democracy in a school; a perfect formation, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of conscientious study, leadership, equality, and honesty, for which former Central students have striven through many years of hard effort.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my school, to love it; to maintain its spirit; to respect its colors; to abide by its just regulations; and to defend it against competitors in all pursuits.

PRECAUTIONS FOR MEN DURING

LEAP YEAR

By May Smoleroff

If a girl invites you to her home more than twice a week for dinner, bear in mind for what purpose a goose is stuffed before Christmas.

If a girl tells you that men whom she doesn't love want to marry her, and that the man she loves isn't aware of it, then looks at you, don't wait until the noose is around your neck; offer to help rope him in.

If a girl tells you no one has ever understood her as you have, make up your mind it's time to begin misunderstanding her.

If a girl tells you she has learned to prepare five kinds of meat at school, be sure to tell her you're a vegetarian.

If a girl tells you she's devoted to her mother, five sisters, and three maiden aunts, that they all live together, and that the man she marries could come right into the heart of the family, tell her you think it would be a crime to intrude upon so happy a home.

If a girl tells you no one will ever exist for her after she's married but her husband, find the poor fellow who falls for her and warn him to take out a heavy life insurance. So much collar-and-leash devotion would kill any man.

If a girl tells you she has money in her own right, and you've intimated that you have a sincere but penniless affection for her, consider first whether your digestion is good before you make up your mind to eat that money three times a day.

If a very plain girl tells you all the women in her family married at twenty and that her twentieth birthday is tomorrow, you might gently remind her that it's the exception that proves the rule.

If a girl tells you she's lost thirty pounds because you once casually remarked you could only love a thin girl, just look unconscious for an instant and the bone of contention will consider herself yours "till death do ye part."

If a girl tells you she can't help being honest, she must confess that she loves you and wants you for her husband, if you don't care to accept her don't hesitate to say so. Remember a woman who is so frank herself cannot fail to appreciate honesty in another.

THE SCHOOLMA'RM OF SOMERSVILLE

By Leah Lesser

Mary Ann Pennington was the schoolma'rm of Somersville. Immediately, my dear readers, you will imagine a tall, angular woman with hair drawn tightly back in a stiff bun, large tortoise shell glasses, and protruding teeth. But you are entirely mistaken. Mary Ann Pennington was a young person with blonde, bobbed, curly hair which she wore in the fashion of the day, big blue eyes which were wont to open wide at any sign of surprise, and a small, red, kissable mouth.

The day that my story opens was a particularly hot one in the month of June. Mary Ann had had a very trying day in the schoolroom for, in spite of the warm weather, Johnny Roberts had persisted in being mischievous and it was all she could do to keep him out of it.

She was trudging homeward on a hot, dusty road, thinking of various plans for the following day, when she heard the honk, honk, of a car and she barely had time to jump out of the road when a red sport roadster whizzed by and a young man called out:

"Sorry, but I'm in a hurry."

Mary Ann's thoughts were not very pleasant after that and she vowed that if she ever saw him again she would tell him just what she thought of him and you may be sure that whenever Mary Ann Pennington made up her mind to do anything she usually did it.

As she passed the neighboring farm, Miss Theodosia Smith, otherwise known as the "Smith Daily" (for she never missed anything that occurred in Somersville) cried out:

"Mary Ann, there's a young New York fella at your house talking to your Ma. Yer better hurry afore yer miss him."

But Mary Ann did not hurry in spite of the warning that she would miss seeing a New York man if she did not do so, because she was not just at that moment interested in any man but he of the red roadster. Yes, she certainly would tell him a few things!

She entered the back door leading into the kitchen where her mother had started preparations for dinner. As she donned a large apron she heard her mother say:

"Well, young man, I might be able to accommodate you if you don't mind plain lodging and plain food. I can give you my daughter's room as the spare room has been closed all winter and might not be fit to sleep in, and she can stay with me tonight. You had better put your automobile in the barn there in the back of the house."

"Thank you, madam," a pleasant voice replied.

Mary Ann finished her work and started to set the table for dinner. As she was doing this her mother came in and said:

"Mary Ann, you had better set another place. We have a New York man staying with us for the night. He did not wish to travel during the night because of the bad roads and he asked me to give him lodging."

She did not reply but went to the china closet to get the extra dishes and as she turned she heard that pleasant voice cry out—

"Well, if it isn't the little girl whom I nearly ran over today. Who would have thought that I would meet her again?"

As she looked up she saw a man about thirty years of age with dark hair, slightly gray at the temples, a strong chin, and eyes—well, she couldn't exactly tell just what color eyes he had. One moment they were black and another moment gray, but she liked the twinkle in them, (although she never would have admitted it, had you asked her.)

Mary Ann had been brought up to be polite so of course she had to say, "How do you do?" to the stranger in spite of the desire to tell him to go to the devil, but she decided never to speak to him again as long as he was there. Thank Heavens! It was only for one night.

At the dinner table Richard Henley, as the New York man was known, kept up a brisk conversation with Mrs. Pennington, and although he attempted to draw Mary Ann into the conversation he could not do so, for she only answered in monosyllables when spoken to and, after being snubbed a few times, he finally left her to her own thoughts of vengeance.

"Mrs. Pennington, I wonder whether you could accommodate my mother and me for the summer. My

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mother is an invalid—has been all her life and I'm sure the mountain air will do her good. Besides, I like the scenery very much," said Richard, looking at Mary Ann.

"Well, if your mother wouldn't mind country life I guess Mary Ann and I can help you out."

Mary Ann was anything but pleased at the news, but she knew how much they needed the money that he would pay and therefore acquiesced to the plan.

Richard Henley left the next morning for New York City promising to return as soon as he could get his mother conveniently moved.

As the last day of the school year drew to a close, Mary Ann started to collect her belongings from the schoolroom when the chairman of the Board of Education, Mr. Banlan, entered and asked Mary Ann whether she would be willing to teach here again the following year.

"If everything goes all right, I shall be glad to take over the school again," said Mary Ann.

Days passed and again Richard Henley was with the Penningtons. Although Mary did not like Richard, she was already in love with his mother.

She was a frail little thing, with hair as white as snow, eyes like Richard's and beautiful skin with the roses still in them! So unlike her mother who had worked hard all her life and was by this time an old woman in appearance if not in years. And it was plain to see that she adored her son and that her whole world was centered in him.

Every afternoon after Mary Ann's work was done she would sit and chat with Mrs. Henley and it was through her that she came to know Dick and to respect him.

It was a few weeks after Dick's arrival when he sat talking to his mother in the summer twilight.

"Mother, I wonder why Mary Ann keeps avoiding me. Am I so distasteful to her or doesn't she like my looks. She avoids me as though I were a leper or a poisonous reptile," said Dick with a frown spreading over his face.

"My son," replied his mother, "to me you are the most wonderful man alive and how any girl could avoid you is beyond me."

"Dearest, you are my mother, not a stranger, you know," kissing her lightly on the cheek.

(For how was he to know that Mary Ann was interested in him but was too shy to let him know her true feelings).

Mrs. Henley's first idea in life was to keep her son happy and with this thought in mind she waited for a chance to make these two friends. The chance came sooner than she expected.

It was a very warm day in July and Mary Ann was sitting in her room, her chin cupped in her hands, dreaming. Mrs. Henley was lying down in the hammock on the summer porch while Mrs. Pennington and Dick had gone to the town for some supplies.

As Mary Ann sat there she suddenly heard Mrs. Henley scream, "Mary Ann, Mary Ann, hurry down, oh, please, hurry down."

As quick as a flash of lightning Mary Ann was downstairs. There lay Mrs. Henley stricken with fright while near her stood a mad dog frothing at the mouth and seemingly enjoying Mrs. Henley's terror.

What could she do? There was nothing on hand except a flower pot and grabbing this she threw it at the dog. Instead of stunning him as she had intended she missed him. The dog's attention was quickly averted from Mrs. Henley to her. With one bound he jumped at Mary Ann and bit her on the arm. That was the last she remembered.

* * * * *

When she awoke to consciousness she was in her room and the doctor was bending over her. She felt a sharp pain in her arm as she tried to move it, and as she recalled all that had happened she began to cry.

"Mary Ann," she heard Dick say.

"Dick," she replied weakly.

* * * * *

A few weeks later Mr. Banlan, the Chairman of the Board of Education received the following letter:

Dear Mr. Banlan:

I regret very much that I will not be able to take over the school in September, as I am going to be married and am going to make New York my permanent home.

Yours truly,

Mary Ann Pennington.

MARY AND HER LAMB

By Lillie August

They had not seen each other for ages, or at least not since the time when Jack had left Hilton to come to the big Dayton High School. They had parted with tears and vows, and Jack had promised to be true forever and Mary had promised to live only for the day when they would meet again.

And now she was coming, little blue eyed, golden-haired Mary, and Jack's eyes grew merry and his heart became joyous. Indeed, so jolly did he get with the thought of the coming of his little pal, that he attracted the attention of Rita Crandel, the acknowledged class vamp, who invited him to her birthday party.

It was the week before the expected arrival and Jack at first spoke only of her. But it was not long before he began to speak at length on Rita's charms and they soon became the best of friends. Alas for Mary, Rita was armed with accessories enough to charm many Jacks, and red lips, long eyelashes, and chic costumes did their work well.

When Mary came, she went immediately to the High School where she expected to study (and play) for four years. When the two friends met, there was no rejoicing, no exclamations, no laughter; only an uncomfortable silence. Jack broke it first.

"How well you are looking, Mary," he exclaimed in a would-be enthusiastic voice.

"You look well, too," was the answer, and then after a few more commonplaces, the once intimate chums separated, to be alone with their own bitter thoughts.

On her way home Mary was on the verge of tears.

"He is so different," she wailed to her cousin with whom she was staying. "He's dignified and proud and he's dressed like a dandy. And when I came in, he was talking to a girl who looked like one of those models I used to admire in the Fashion Book."

Jack's train of thought ran something like this: "I wonder where she gets those clothes. Gosh, don't tell me she still patronizes old Bender from Main Street! And her hair—why doesn't she bob it? How changed she is! Not at all that old pal I used to like so much. Rita's sweater was a corker. Her

eyes go good with the white. I don't think I'll invite Mary to the dance. Rita's an awfully good dancer. I'll bet Mary can't even dance."

The evening of the dance approached. It was being run by the school, and the hall hired for the occasion was the largest in the town.

Rita duly received an invitation and just as duly told Mary about it. Mary was crying when her cousin came in. They talked it over and finally Mary stopped crying. During the days that followed she met Jack in the corridors and he called once or twice but if he felt any remorse for not asking her to the dance, he didn't show it.

The night before the dance, Mary did a daring thing. She went up to Bill Wesely, a friend of Jack's and asked him to take her to the dance. The young man was surprised, and it must be confessed, a little chagrined, but when she told him her plans, he chuckled with glee. His sense of humor forced him to enter into what he thought would be a good joke on Jack.

The next evening, a taxi drew up at Rita's door and she was whirled away to the dance. Close beside her sat the good looking Jack, his brown eyes sparkling at the thought of the good times ahead. Indeed, so good did he feel that he placed a kiss or two upon the unresisting lips of the vision beside him.

The hall was already well filled and the pair walked through it followed by shouted greetings and laughing compliments. Indeed, Rita looked like a dream with her green frock, sparkling with shimmering beads. Then the band broke into a riot of jazz and the dancing began.

Suddenly there was a stir at the door. A young girl with a good looking cavalier entered and they both made for the dressing rooms.

When they returned, they immediately joined the dancers. And, when, at the end of that dance, Jack turned to escort Rita to a seat, he stopped as if turned to stone. Looking up into the face of an admiring young man stood Mary. Her golden hair was piled in adorable ringlets on her small, well shaped head. Her sweet face looked beautiful with its red lips and big dark eyes framed in entrancing black lashes. Her slender form was accentuated by a gown of shimmer-

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ing black and silver; and from the top of her blonde head, to the tip of her dainty slippers, she looked the perfect flapper of today. She acted the part, too. All evening she flirted outrageously. She was the undisputed belle of the occasion. She even had a smile for Jack, who tasted the dregs of bitterness when he saw this fair vision who had once been his, courted and feted by a legion of adorers.

Towards the end of that hateful evening the heart-broken youth almost fainted with joy. He saw Mary alone on the veranda.

After all, Auld Lang Syne is the nearest and dearest to our hearts and the chums soon made up. The tactful Rita went home with Bill to the joy of that young man.

Mary was escorted by her wandering boy who wandered no more and indeed they are still called "Mary and her Lamb."

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

By Syd Broder

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives—ah well,
I must not tell.
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress?
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue, celestial hue,
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam—
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow:
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell.
Wouldn't you like to know?

MEMORIES

By Samuel Klausner

I.

Gone, gone are the goodly days
When I was wont to roam,
On the very rugged sandy beach
Of my old New England Home.

II.

I can see the great gigantic rock
Where on a spot ne'er touched by sea,
We'd climb to fish from that one place,
My brother Bert and me.

III.

In fall with shot-guns in our hands,
And with our old dog, "Bear,"
We'd go into the wooded fens
In search of the fleet-foot hare.

IV.

I left my old New England home
For to go and fortune seek,
And the very rugged sandy beach
I forgot within one week.

V.

But now I'm too old to seek for wealth
And always by the sea,
I can picture my New England home,
My brother Bert, and me!

—o—

The latest yellow menace—Mah Jong.

—o—

The lost cord has been found at last in the form
of a tire.

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A CHAPTER ON TONGUE

By Antoinette Greenberg

I have no tongue. Mistake me not, dear reader, nor even imagine that I am by nature destitute of that interior projection, meaty decoration and, physiologically speaking, muscular organ. I am, I think, rather sparingly than generously provided with this adornment, and I feel no disposition to envy the horse his lavish amount, nor the chicken her limited supply of that necessary feature. Neither have I done anything to incur any criticism on the part of the local cartoonist, because of this.

I was never, thank my stars, in the comic movies, nor is there the slightest possibility of my ever being in them. When, therefore, I say I have no tongue, I mean no tongue for talking to the opposite sex. To say that this jabbering instrument never wagged fluently under the stimulus of a sympathetic feminine ear would be a falsehood. But when "He" arrives, this muscular contrivance suddenly becomes rigid, and all the wonderful speeches prepared beforehand are dammed up and forever gone.

I think that I am naturally a linguist, but sentimentally I am incapable of speech. For days before, I rehearse pretty speeches to myself before the mirror, to my dog, and also to the sympathetic manikins but all in vain. Yet, hath the noble Antoinette never been dismayed.

I think practically, I can converse fluently, but romantically, I am incapable of utterance. I have a suspicion that I have an undeveloped fluency of talk with the opposite sex. Just the other day while practising on my Poodle dog, my sister Ruth came in and said, "I thought that it was the parrot." However, I soon convinced her that the Parrot would not have had quite the fervor, the ardor of that speech. I mention this hoping to cast no reflection on Poll's linguistic ability.

I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this dried up faculty. I am constitutionally susceptible to harsh utterance. A misused word will sometimes irritate me beyond words. I have sat

through graduation orations 'till sheer desperation made me rush madly out into the streets, where quiet and solitude reign. I sometimes wonder what an orator Pluto would be like. (Poor Pluto.)

Some day, perhaps, I will be able to overcome this mental paralysis and if "He" proposes, I shall be able to stammer out "Yes."

(This is a 3B English Theme.—Editor.)

MARCH WEATHER

By Jerry Toscano

Perhaps the sun might shine at midnight. Anything is possible in March. Burr!—it's cold. Now it's raining. Here and there, running as fast as they can to find shelter, are men and women who mutter something unintelligible under their breaths. Patter—Patter—Patter against the window panes. Now it's hailing—now it's snowing. The wind blows.

A FEW HOURS LATER

Men walking with their coats open and umbrellas under their arms. Now and then someone will wipe the perspiration from his forehead. The sun is a ball of fire. People regret that they brought their coats. The snow is melting very fast. Streets look like rivers. The sidewalks look like swamps. Ah—for cold weather! Cold weather comes and it comes with a rush. Ah—for warm weather.

The place for the month of March is in a lunatic asylum.

(This is an English Theme Grade 3A.—Editor.)

THE PIVOT

CHOOSING AND SECURING A POSITION

By L. C. Wilsey

Globe Indemnity Co.

The title of this article divides it into two parts, and while one would assume that "choosing" naturally precedes "securing," many applicants attempt to secure employment without first analysing their preferences, qualifications, and aptitude, and the market for such service as they are competent to render. In addition they make the mistake of considering only the immediate present rather than having their minds set on a goal they want to reach within the next ten years.

"How shall we choose a position," you say, "when there are so many things to do, so many people to do them, and we have never done any of them?" Also, you ask, "Isn't it true that an employer puts a new applicant wherever there is a vacancy?"

Let me answer the second question first, by saying that the prudent employer makes a careful effort to fit the employee to the work.

Now for the first question. It is agreed that anyone can do better work when he likes or is interested in what he is doing, for it is no effort to concentrate on the duties to be performed; nothing distracts him, and the work that would ordinarily seem hum-drum or difficult, appears fascinating and even easy in many cases.

For that reason, one should, in choosing the kind of work he will do, try to find that in which he can take a natural and lively interest.

Again, I hear you say: "That is all right for the boys or girls whose parents have told them from childhood that they are to be engineers, dentists, physicians, teachers, etc.; but what about those of us whose parents have not planted those preferences in our minds—those who must get out and 'find a job' as soon as commencement exercises are over? We do not know what we want to do, except that we know we want inside or outside work."

To you I say, there is ample opportunity and time to determine what you want to do and in what line your bent lies—if any, and you can do this while earning a living.

It is true that unless a boy or girl is equipped for some particular thing such as stenography, bookkeeping, filing, telephone operating, etc. it is necessary to start at very small remuneration, and yet there is a certain advantage in this; for the one who starts at the bottom misses nothing in the general training, and when he or she becomes a department head, division head, or executive officer, the ability to handle people comes from having gone through the mill, knowing what the duties of an office boy or messenger are, how long it takes to accomplish various routine tasks, and all the little kinds that come in a day's work.

For the boy who knows he wants to follow a certain line it becomes a question of finding an opening that will lead toward the goal he has chosen; but the fact is that relatively few of the really big business men knew at the outset that they wanted to become bank presidents, railroad presidents, or general managers of this or that. In most cases they started for little or nothing in the way of salary, kept their eyes and ears open, learned all a job had to offer and then moved to the next one.

That, however, was in the days when most establishments were small; but today the average boy can—if he becomes associated with a good firm—find his opportunities there; and by remaining long enough, get well along toward the top of the ladder right in that industry, no matter what his particular bent may be, for the really big organizations employ professional men of almost all kinds including physicians, lawyers, research and industrial chemists, operating engineers, as well as all the specialists in the commercial field, such as accountants, office managers, advertising managers, purchasing agents, credit men, etc.

Nor are the opportunities confined to the boys; for big business houses require secretaries for their vice presidents and other officers, stenographers to department heads, supervising file clerks, chief clerks in many sections where large numbers of junior and senior clerks are located, supervisors of stenographic

(Continued on page 91)

THE IDEAL CENTRAL STUDENTS

By Irving Cohen

C—is for Clean, the way we play.
E—for Energetic, I surely can say.
N—stands for Neighborly, to all we are true.
T—for Thoughtfulness in all that we do.
R—is Reserved, in actions not loud.
A—for Alert, never dimmed by a cloud.
L—is our Loyalty, of Central we're proud.

H—is the Honor, that is ours in hand
I—for Industrious, our future we've planned.
G—is Generosity, in all we donate.
H—for Habits, to correct never late.

S—is to Study, so subjects we pass.
C—for Courage, all others to surpass.
H—to act Human to one and to all.
O—to Obey, answer those who call.
O—Observation, so facts we learn.
L—is our Leadership, others all yearn.

S—is to Serve in a righteous way.
T—stands for Toil, a path to lay.
U—to Unbias our opinions of some.
D—our Debt, an accruing sum.
E—for Enthusiasm I hope never wanes
N—is for Nimble in action or brains.
T—is Thankful, to Central, so dear.
S—to Shine, from year to year.

"SOMETHING FOR NOTHING"

By Arthur Siniscal

"From the sun comes our unending supply of energy, and in the sun originate all other forms of energy, either directly or indirectly," began the professor of physics as he opened his address to the class, one afternoon late in May. The period had just commenced and at the first words of the instructor, the majority of the pupils had already begun to comfortably arrange themselves in their seats, preparatory to their accustomed afternoon nap. The rest were shifting around trying to find a better position of comfort, and, about five minutes after class started, almost all were ready for the professor's continuation of his "Sing me to sleep," recited in scientific language. I say almost because one, Fred Billingstone, who at this particular moment abandoned his daily rest, was quite agitated. The last few words of the professor were still ringing in his ears, and phrases like "Sun's unending energy," "Supplied *directly* or *indirectly*," were being turned over in his mind. In his lessons dealing with electricity he had learned that when heat was applied to a joint of two different metals, constituting a thermopile, electricity was generated! And that a burning glass was an instrument for concentrating the sun's rays in a minute spot. Also that mirrors reflect objects, especially the sun's rays.

Wham! An idea struck Fred Billingstone! Not often did such luck occur to him, but he was one of those chaps to whom one idea out of a thousand brought fortune. His agitation increased and he became mentally excited. Not many ideas like this one should be let alone. True, he obtained many before this, but, as usual, they were of no avail. No, this was different and one that deserved the trying; thus his mind was made up.

For the next few days members of the faculty observed that Fred's intelligence was reaching a still lower standard. Also his fair friends noticed his pocket-book was usually empty, and that he stopped raving about dances and the "latest" in the movies.

Besides this, various household utensils were missing, for which Ma could not account. Fred's appetite had decreased also and soon Pa began to wonder. Why had he been out in the back-yard so often lately? And why had he cleaned up the scrap and brush there lying around on his own account? (A thing which was recorded for the first time in the history of the Billingstones.) And again, Fred had asked for (and received) his next week's allowance in advance.

Four days later it rained unusually long; so all were indoors—except Fred. Ma looked out through the back window to see her promising son working inside the shed. The doors were open, and curious, she spied him fooling around something very odd. Peeping over her shoulder, we shall describe what she saw. On the table lay a thick board of something like two by four feet. On this, and spaced evenly, were three concave mirrors, with their reflecting sides up, and above these were three burning glasses (no wonder she missed them the other day on looking over her hope-chest) each placed directly over a mirror. Still above these were three funny-looking things; they seemed like circles, the spokes of which—and, yes, those were the wooden frames she used in embroidering (the nerve! thought Ma)—were formed by thin wires, their ends joined at the center. These were placed in a manner similar to the glasses, so that the entire contraption formed a base on which were mounted respectively the concave mirrors, the burning glasses and—well, let me here tell the secret—three thermopiles. Ma's curiosity increased when—remember it was a rainy day—the wind changed direction and blew the shed doors together.

Next morning, bright, calm and peaceful as ever—was Saturday. Hurrah! The day of the event. Fred was going to give his "invention" a trial! Of course it would work—and why not? The idea had been there all these ages, waiting for someone to hap-

THE PIVOT

pen along and uncover it. And why shouldn't that someone be himself? What would the newspapers of his town say about him when they heard of it? His scheme would be recognized by other towns and large cities and he would become—like Byron—famous in a day. His plan, worked on a larger basis would revolutionize the world. He would not have to worry now about passing his physics this term, since, of course, his instructor would do himself the honor of passing him on credit. Perhaps the Mayor of the town would bestow upon him a medal for his ingenuity and perseverance. What would be said when—and so on, all these thoughts passing slowly through his mind. All he needed was the trying of it and then to sit and wait for the world to pay him due honor and reward.

The apparatus previously described was now situated in the center of the yard. It was approaching high noon and Fred needed an ammeter, voltmeter or something of the like which would indicate and measure the electricity generated. Nothing was to be had when of a sudden he remembered the bell on the kitchen wall, a rather large affair, once used to summon members of the household at mealtimes. Procuring this, he placed it on the table and joined the nichrome wire leading from the first thermopile to one side of the bell. To the other he joined the copper wire of the third thermopile. Then he connected the three thermopiles in series. Over each mirror was placed a thick card-board cover to shut off the sun's rays. The mirrors, burning glasses and thermopiles were so arranged that when the covers were removed from the mirrors, these would reflect a good many of the sun's rays on the burning glasses, which in turn would concentrate the hot rays received in a small spot—say on the joints of the wires in the thermopiles. These, being heated, would generate electricity, the quantity produced depending on the temperature and the size of the apparatus. Simple arrangement, eh? And yet no one thought of it before! What an odd world, Fred thought, the poor professors at school overworking their brains on theories and problems nobody cares about, while he—without any extraordinary mental effort—calmly discovers a device for producing electricity perpetually (that is, as long as the sun shines) and for almost nothing. Surely, there it was, a device about to produce something for nothing! Something for nothing

—why bother about perpetual motion when his idea would indirectly bring about the same results?

Having arranged the apparatus, he nervously approached the first mirror and with shaking fingers removed the cover. A bright light ensued and simultaneously a grunting sound issued from the bell. That was only the power from the first set, he figured, so he gradually took off the second covering. Now the bell began actually ringing and when the cover was completely off it rang very loudly. Removing the last covering he heard the bell fairly clang—so loudly that he thought he saw people coming out of the nearby houses to see what was the matter. Yes, he saw persons moving there in front of him, and—wait, that bell had an awful familiar sound; yes, what was it now? What, could it be? Sure enough it was only a dream! He woke up to find out that the classroom bell was announcing the end of the period and to prepare for the passing into the next classes. He pinched himself to find it was true! Then with a good-natured smile he left the room after the others, soliloquizing: "Well, after all you can't get something for nothing, and I have only learned my lesson, like many others, from apparent experience—not real at all."

A SNOW VISION

By Lillie August

The whiteness of the landscape
Is beautiful to see—
A tree transformed, a house adorned,
Will always capture me.

The river, changed to hardness;
Its borders clothed anew—
I could not pass it by and not
See beauty there—could you?

The sky, methinks, has noted too,
The charm of white below,
For look, her calm and famous blue
Now gleams in silver glow.

I think the Summer gorgeous
In Spring, too, I rejoice
And Autum is just lovely
But Winter, that's my choice!

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ONE YOU KNOW: A DESCRIPTION

By Dore Schary

The student I have picked as my victim is a youth of average height, stockily built, blonde of hair and handsome of face. During the fall he takes strenuous part in football activities to which a scar on his nose will bear witness.

He has numerous accomplishments, prominent amongst which are good scholarship, wonderful football sense, excellent poker ability and he has a mysterious power of hypnotising people.

Just yesterday he took a student of this school, put him to sleep with a pencil placed before his subject's eyes and then instructed him to do numerous things which were instantly obeyed. I was awed by the performance which I considered pretty good.

But he has, sad to state an insatiable desire to write poetry, which is a good and beautiful desire, but, I ask you, does poetry combine with football; does iambic pentameter go with 17-92-3-shift; do figures of speech chime with punts or tackles; do heavenly and beautiful thoughts coincide with the —er—not exactly lady-like utterances heard on a football field? Decidedly no!

He has many opportunities for a future occupation from which a choice must be made. Football is too dangerous, scholarship is not lucrative enough, so I think he will be forced to commercialize his power of hypnotism and some day we may see him perform.

L'Envoi

Friend, be not angry, for as the eminent scientist Einstein says, "It's all fun."

(NB.—This is an English Exercise, done as 3C Home-work.—Ed.)

AN OLD DRUNKARD'S ADVICE

(From an actual experience)

By William Lessa

In front of a cathedral old,
When it was not quite three,
I met him on a dark March night,
A tattered suit wore he.

"Lo, Buddy, got an extra smoke?"
"I do not smoke," said I,
"Nor have I any change about—"
"Who wants yer money, b'y?"

"But say there, kid, you've got fine signs
All over your young face,
Just like I had when I was right:
You're gonna be an ace."

"Now you'll go home to sleep and rest,
Your bed is soft and clean,
But mine is just a wooden bench,
Where other hoboos lean."

"You'll make a dent in this tough world
If you don't do like me,
You just keep off o' smoke and drink,
Be stranger to a spree."

Such sound advice from one so low,
Yet one who once was high,
Most surely I did not expect,
Appearances belie.

"I want to shake a good lad's hand."
We shook and parted then,
I watched him, hectic, plod his way,
The oddest of all men.

COMPLIMENTS OF
BERNARD (Bench) GOODMAN
304 A. M.

THE PIVOT

PUBLIC OPINION

Conducted by Hermina Freeman

The question this month is:

DO YOU THINK IT WELL TO CRAM FOR EXAMINATIONS?

It does not pay to cram for exams. You sit up late and study, cramming words not thoughts; you do not get enough sleep and when you get up in the morning all that you studied is a jumble, nothing is clear. Pay attention during the term and you won't have to cram at the end of the term.

—Bessie Lieberman.

* * * * *

Cramming usually does not produce successful results. It may serve its purpose for the following day or so, but can be considered no real means to a favorable end. This is due to the psychological factor explained by retroactive inhibition—that is in the usual procedure of cramming, one does not allow his thoughts to “set” properly. Thus it can be readily seen that proper learning is incompatible with the aforementioned art, if it may be called such, of usually belated and futile attempts to pass courses.

—Louis Chivian.

* * * * *

A pupil should not cram before examination because this cramming is a waste of time and also a hindrance for confusing the thoughts. The pupil who studies faithfully all term needs only to review the work carefully. I speak in favor of the faithful student, so I will say that the earnest student should not cram for examinations because it makes the work hazy.

—Lillie August.

I do not think it advisable to cram for examinations. One's mind should be absolutely clear and free from the congestion of thoughts when they are taking an examination. Study well during the term and when the time for examination comes, you should take a complete rest, and be prepared for the examination, by having a clear brain. Cramming is one of the worst enemies when taking an examination. Avoid cramming!

—Hermina Freeman.

* * * * *

This is the question that we hear,
About a quarter of the year,
Does it pay to cram and cram,
So you can pass an old exam?

To me it is the strangest thing,
When other kids just laugh and sing;
I sit and study all day long,
I'll tell the world it's far from wrong.

Poor Jimmy, he'll be out of luck
When in the middle he gets stuck,
For on his cuff no more he'll write
Than he can keep from teacher's sight.

But now it is my turn to grin
For all the days that I stayed in
As on my card an eight I'll see,
What of poor Jim? Oh! flunked was he.

But do not cram is all I say,
Just sit and study day by day,
And you won't have to cram and cram
So you can pass your old exam.

—Florence Moore.

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HONOR ROLL

JANUARY

109 A. M.
Louis Heuser
John Kantor

110 P. M.
Sadie Stein

204 A. M.
Anna Anfuso

206 A. M.
Marie Guthrie
Philip Liberman

212 A. M.
Anna Sommers
Thomas Tamburry

213 A. M.
Bertha Feiverman
Wolhe Klein

214 A. M.
Oscar Fidel

215 A. M.
Joe Krasner
Alice Doolittle

215 P. M.
Donald Hayes

216 A. M.
Benj. Gruber
May Smoleroff

301 A. M.
Ruth Haggerty
Edna Kaelberger

304 A. M.
Emil Ragnisi
Anita Chivian
Louis Bischoff

309 A. M.
Elmer Savage

408 A. M.
Ruth Soroka

410 A. M.
Sophie Greenbaum

411 P. M.
Evelyn Freggens

415 P. M.
Elizabeth Beck

FEBRUARY

101 A. M.
Anna Malkin

109 A. M.
Lena Caprio
Louis Heuser

110 A. M.
Rose Kasin

203 A. M.
Elizabeth Julenick

204 A. M.
Anna Anfuso
Sophie Eisenberg
Helen Hinkley

206 A. M.
Marie Guthrie

212 A. M.
Thomas Tomburry

213 A. M.
Bertha Feiverman

216 A. M.
Sidney Leon
May Smoleroff

218 A. M.
Florence Bates
Charlotte Jauss

219 A. M.
Mary Bender

301 A. M.
Edna Kaelberer
Ruth Haggerty

303 A. M.
Frances Lee
Alice Freeman

304 A. M.
Ruth Holman
Emil Ragnisi
Louis Bischoff

408 A. M.
Evelyn Hyble
Ruth Soroka

410 A. M.
Sophie Greenbaum

415 P. M.
Elizabeth Beck

COMPLIMENTS OF
HOME ROOM 206 P. M.
Freshman Class

T. GRUNT
PLUMBING AND STEAM SUPPLIES
129 Morton Street Newark, N. J.

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MARCH

207 A. M.
Helen Simmons
Margaret McMannus

206 P. M.
Abedio Rotondi

216 A. M.
Lillian Goldis

216 P. M.
Theo Unterman

218 A. M.
Florence Bates
Ruth Gross

301 A. M.
Edna Kaelberer

303 A. M.
Stella Deutsch
Alice Freeman

305 P. M.
Esther Bernbaum
Gertrude Kiell

304 A. M.
Louis Bischoff

309 A. M.
Elmer Savage

410 A. M.
Frieda Bippart
Ruth Horland
Theresa Michaelstein

411 P. M.
Evelyn Freggens

415 P. M.
Elizabeth Beck

MAY

By Dore Schary

When flowers bloom after April showers,
When birds rejoice and poets write,
When lovers love 'neath blooming bowers,
When sorrows are past, in summer's light;

'Tis May.

Who feels not the new spirit and joy,
Who can not see the earthly good,
A month of happiness to girl and boy,
With picnics, walks in the primveal wood.

That's May.

Spring folly and sickness attack,
And lessons we shirk and skip,
And our passing marks we lack,
We can not explain by pen or lip,

Our May.

A month of joy and a month of gloom,
Pleasures of world and gloom of school,
We fidget and squirm in the lecture room,
Sixes, detentions, come with flowers; as a rule;

In May.

WHEN I THINK OF MY CAREER

By Oscar Fidel

When I begin to think how fast time flies,
How great a task ahead of me still lies—
Myself thus I inspire: "Cheer up, Oh Boy,
Long hence your strength and thoughts you must
employ

To meet those ups and downs that come in life,
To win for self and others in its strife,
Yet keep this thought in mind—that life's a game.
That you yourself must play to win the fame.
There are still places where you must appear,
And men from pain and wrong and sorrow clear;
Rush help, relief and cheer to those who need,
And seek no worldly honor for your deed.
God loves the ones who in His name contend;
He will reward their labor at the end.

Compliments of

HOME ROOM 301 A. M.



THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.



Gruber, Ben, March 13.—“Creditors and Debtors.” Your talk was given in an interesting manner and held the attention of the audience.

Bennett, Morris, March 13.—“Stubbornness.” A well delivered talk.

Silverman, Lucy, March 13.—“Charm.” A charming girl and a charming speech. An excellent talk, Lucy.

Rosenfelder, Helen, March 17.—“St. Patrick’s Day.” Delivered a little fast but prepared very well.

Apostolakos, James, March 17.—“Evils of Smoking.” We hope this will be a lesson for the boys.

Martuccie, Ralph, March 18.—“The Injustice of Ridiculing.” A good delivery of an interesting subject.

Surles, Betty, March 18.—“An Announcement.” Keep it up—it held the attention of everyone.

Eliot, Pearl, March 18.—“The Morgan Library.” Well planned and prepared. You gave us a good idea of a topic not generally known.

Valario, Rose, March 19.—“Habit.” A good talk which showed good preparation and thought.

Broder, Syd, March 20.—“What Can Literature Do For Me.” You delivered a very good talk. You spoke in a distinct and interesting voice.

Berger, Sophie, March 24.—“America’s Greatest Living Educator.” Your smooth delivery showed that you were well prepared.

Surles, Betty, March 24.—“Social.” You spoke on a subject that is always welcome.

D’adezzio, Anthony, March 25.—“The Second Wind In Business.” Yours was an interesting speech.

Cheskin, Herbert, March 25.—“Development of Public Schools.” A good talk which showed preparation and thought.

Williams, Helene, March 25.—“Increase In the Music World.” A fine talk.

Hamilton, Dina, March 25.—“Glimpses Into A Quaint Land.” You whispered your speech. You might have spoken a little louder; otherwise a good talk.

Holmes, Gladys, March 26.—“Paul Lawrence Dunbar.” Very expressive. The novelty of your presentation drew the interest of the audience. Very well done.

Coeyman, Helen, March 26.—“A Scotch Plow Boy Who Became A Premier.” You did not speak loud enough.

Turton, George, March 26.—“Charm School.” Very well done. We are always glad to hear you.

Cohen, Bessie, March 27.—“Looking Ahead.” You delivered your talk in an interesting manner.

Goldberg, Celia, March 28.—“Learn to Let Go.” You spoke a little fast, but your speech was well delivered.

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Altman, Edyth, March 28.—“Charm School.” You were quite nervous but held the interest of the audience with your fine talk.

Krei, Alice, March 31.—“An American Who Is Unconquered.” You delivered your speech in a clear voice.

Urbach, Lillian, March 31.—“Popularity.” A good topic and well prepared.

Cocuzzi, Charlie, March 31.—“April Fool Dance.” Your talk was fairly well delivered.

Rabstein, Michael, March 31.—“Keep Your School Clean.” A very good topic, keep up your school spirit.

Rems, Sophie, April 1.—“Cleanliness.” Your subject matter was good, and well delivered.

Smith, Milton, April 1.—“Charm School.” You gave a convincing talk. Your humor caused everyone to laugh.

Finkel, Yetta, April 2.—“Womenless Island.” You gave a good talk, Yetta.

Louis, Gustave, April 2.—“Lafayette Memorial.” A good talk which showed good preparation and thought.

Kaplan, Fannie, April 4.—“Air.” Your speech was delivered excellently.

Mutnik, Nathan, April 4.—“Stenography and Radio Throughout the Country.” Your subject was exceedingly interesting as was your treatment of it.

Altman, Edyth, April 4.—“Charm School.” Was glad to hear from you. A very good talk.

Sangiovanni, Joseph, April 4.—“Fear and Worry Can Be Overcome.” Your talk was enjoyed by your audience.

Smoleroff, May, April 4.—“Feminism In Japan.” The splendidly delivered recitation appealed to your audience.

Horowitz, Michael, April 10. — “Day-light Movies.” Your talk was fairly well delivered. Try to speak more distinctly.

INTERPRETATIONS

“Beside a Babbling Brook”——
Where I'd like to be during Exams.

“You Tell Her; I Stutter”——
Trying to talk French.

“In Old King Tut Days”——
When Exams. passing mark was 50%.

“Whom Did You Fool After All”——
Graduation Time.

“When You Walked Out Somebody Else Walked Right In”——
Changing periods.

“I Love Me, I Love Me”——
But the Teachers don't.

“Lady of the Evening”——
Studying Time.

“I Wanna Be In Tennessee”——
During Tests.

“I'm a Million Miles From Nowhere”——
Trying to figure out an Algebra example.

“Ain't We Got Fun”——
In the physics period.

“Aggravating Papa”——
When the report card comes home.

“That Old Gang of Mine”——
In the Freshman Class.

“Oh! Baby!!”——
One Cees.

In Memoriam

IT IS WITH GREAT SYMPATHY FOR HIS FAMILY
THAT WE ANNOUNCE THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF

Monroe Weltman

HE WAS A GRADUATE OF THIS SCHOOL, AN
ACTIVE STUDENT AND AN EARNEST WORKER
FOR CENTRAL.

THE PIVOT





GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

The first meeting of the term was taken up with election of officers. The results are as follows:

President.....	Edith Straussberg
Vice-President.....	Lillian Berla
Secretary.....	Betty Surles
Treasurer.....	Helen Hinkeley

The Service Girls are doing more than their share to bring about school spirit and to keep the school clean. They have united with the Boys' Service Club to clean up the school and to set an example so that in the future Central will be looked to as the leader.

The Service Girls have again come to the fore. They have made up their minds to get an Organ for Central as soon as possible and, realizing that money is needed, have given a theatre party. It was a financial success which shows that the Girls' Service Club can put anything over, money or love.

The officers, girls well-known for their ability to do things and do them right, have the full support of the members and all that can be said is "Watch the Girls' Service Club and Central High School."

BOYS' SERVICE CLUB

At a meeting of the Boys' Service Club held on March 3, 1924, former activities were resumed and new plans entered upon. Also the election of officers, appointment of Committees and plans made for

the coming term, one which promises to be remembered by Centralites for years to come. John Atheneos was elected president; Max Walters, vice-president, and Fred Frankel, secretary. These boys are well known throughout the school and with the support of the "Service Boys" no task will be too large to overcome.

Committees were appointed as follows: Membership, Leonard Goldberg, Ch., Sol Rosen, Asher Kantor; English "C", John Kantor, Ch., David Sarbone; Entertainment, Emanuel Pfeiffer and Morris Targer.

The boys of Central have at last realized that the Service Boys mean to make Central what it should be and have united to aid the club in every possible way.

Service Club has again started activities to strengthen the school spirit by General Organization elections. Just another one of the many Service Club undertakings!

The club ran an April Fool Dance on April 1st in the gymnasium. An unexpected large crowd attended the dance and colored paper hats were distributed to all. The gym appeared as if a Mardi Gras was going on.

The Service Club ran a Freshman Rally in order that Freshmen may become acquainted with the other boys of the school and promote school spirit.

SPANISH CLUB

At the organization meeting of the Spanish Club the election of officers took place. The results were

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as follows:

President.....Harold Goldberger
Vice-Pres.....Frank Mayer
Hon. Sec. and Treas.....Jos. N. Rosenbloom

Purpose—The Spanish Club although in existence a short time has shown that it means to make Spaniards out of mere Spanish students. The officers and members are working together to speak Spanish fluently and they are also planning Spanish plays for the future.

Do not seem surprised if you hear Spanish spoken in the corridors of Central as this is but one of the Spanish Club's accomplishments.

LITERARY CLUB

At the organization meeting of the Literary Club election of officers took place:

President.....Charles Sheldon
Vice-Pres.....Anna Malkin
Sec. and Treas.....Jessie Granick
G. O. Delegate.....John Di Carlo
Faculty Advisor.....Miss Emma A. Bailly

The purpose of the club is to read the best known books and to discuss plays. It also promotes a desire for better books and opens a large field of knowledge to all. Various types of short stories are discussed. All these lead the members to try their hands at parodies, humorous stories and poems.

The 26th of April was set aside for all the members to visit the National Museum of Arts and The New York Public Library. All the members had a wonderful time and also gained much from the experience.

The G. O. Delegate, John Di Carlo, writes mock minutes of every meeting, in which he describes everything that happens, "knocking" everybody that he can.

These are read by the president at each meeting, and furnish much amusement for the members. The G. O. Delegate's nom de plume is the "Duke of Ain't."

4B CLASS

President.....James Apostalakos
Vice-Pres.....Malcom MacClinchie
Secretary.....Anne Kapp
Treasurer.....Maude Schwartz

The class last term had a chocolate sale which it is said was the largest and most successful ever held in Central High School. On February 29 the class held a prom at "Apter's Manor" in honor of the graduates of February, 1924. They are now forming a play called "Hezekiah's Country Store."

With these officers at the head, the 4B Class is sure to make all former and coming classes look up to it as the "4B Class of May, 1924."

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB

President.....Grace Leonard
Vice-Pres.....Maude Schwartz
Secretary.....Edith Isenberg
Treasurer.....Mollie Lehman

The purpose of the Swimming Club is to help promote the welfare of the school. The girls go down to the East Side Swimming Pool every Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and endeavor to become Central's best swimmers by practice.

The increase in members has been noted by the increase in the water rate.

Keep your eyes on our bathing beauties!

ORGAN FUND

Every Theatre Party brings us nearer to our goal—an organ dedicated to Central High School boys who fought and died in the war. On April 28 the school gave another Proctor Theatre Party, with the assistance of the Service Clubs. Several collections have also been made in the A. M. and P. M. assemblies, and helped swell the Organ Fund. At present, Central High School, without the aid of outsiders raised more than \$5,000! We could have easily procured our much desired organ by merely

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hinting to outsiders that we would accept their help. However, Central High School has EARNED the \$5,000. which it has so far, and expects to earn the next \$5,000 too.

There is a great deal of satisfaction in regarding a thing which has finally been achieved by hard work.

CHARM SCHOOL GIVEN BY 4A CLASS

A successful performance of "The Charm School" by the 4A Class was given on Proctor's Roof, April 4. This presentation was the third given by the class, the other two proving unsuccessful financially. Mrs. Margaret Fealy coached the cast, which was certainly an excellent one. Dr. Schleicher is faculty advisor of the graduating class.

Among the characters included in the cast are: Dore Schary, Edith Straussberg, Milton Smith, Martha Schutzman, Charles Danzig, Leah Lessar, Alice Sims, Irma Deutch, Betty Surles, Edith Isenberg, May Smoleroff, Rose Rettig, Herbert Beim and Al Shapiro.

Flashlight pictures of the group of players were taken at the end of the performance at Proctor's.

"RAIN TONIGHT AND TOMORROW"

The above means nothing but rain for the coming day.

But we do the Weather Man injustice, because what he predicts usually is true, even if we like to poke fun at him because he says it will rain the day we don't want it to.

Who is this mysterious Weather-Prophet? Do you know that the station for recording the state of the atmosphere for the whole northern part of New Jersey is situated atop your own school? Do you know that the Weather Man, or his assistant "Ski," climbs up there every morning, makes a volume of calculations and reports the weather for the day to the government and to all the newspapers in this section? Besides the Weather Man has many more laborious tasks than reading baro-and thermo-meters. For the Weather Man is our own beloved hard-working principal, Mr. William Wiener.

MATHEMATICS CLUB ELECTS

The first meeting of the Mathematics Club was devoted to election of officers:

The results are as follows:

President.....	Ferris Watts
Vice President.....	Malcolm McClinchie
Secretary.....	Joseph Lampariello
Faculty Advisor.....	Mr. Webb

The Mathematics Club, although in existence only a short time, has accomplished wonders for all its members. The boys discuss all problems which arise in school and outside.

Mr. Webb, faculty advisor, lectures at every meeting on topics which interest and aid all the members.

Meetings are held the second Tuesday of every month, the eighth period in Room 212.

Any new students wishing to become acquainted with "Real Centralities" kindly attend the next meeting, and a good time is sure to await you.

4C CLASS

The 4C class was organized this term with Mr. Joseph H. Berk as faculty advisor. Officers were elected at the first formal meeting. Results follow: Emanuel Pfeiffer, president; Irving Mandelbaum, vice-president; Freda Sternberg, secretary, and Pauline Jaffee, treasurer.

To raise money, the class is conducting a chocolate sale, and shortly will hold a dance. Irving Mandelbaum is chairman of the chocolate committee.

Plans are being made for the Senior prom which will be held the end of the month. An executive committee was appointed to take charge of the affair. The committee includes all the regular officers besides Nettie Forgash, Betty Feinberg, Walk, and Sangiovanni.

Who has made the all-American football team more times than Walter Camp?



THE OPPORTUNITIES OF A TECHNICAL STUDENT IN A CITY LIKE NEWARK

The student in this city has a good opportunity to train the faculties of the mind which depend upon being developed by constant lecture and laboratory work. This system of practical shop or laboratory work is the best known for getting across the theories which are studied and lectured upon in the mathematics, physics or chemistry departments.

Newark, realizing this, has established a technical course in two of its high schools and has bought machinery, some of which is in excellent condition, while some should be replaced by more modern and efficient mechanism.

Besides the regular high school mathematics, the technical course offers a good fundamental experience in wood work, pattern making, sheet metal, forge foundry, and machine shop practice.

The Technical student is one who is trained to use his hand, eye, and brain to a high degree of efficiency. At school he builds a character which shows that he is willing to help his fellow student. He is honest and punctual in all his work.

The technical student when leaving school to fill his position should expect to find the outside world easy to manage. This is because he has received some training along this line at school.

The technical-course leads to opportunities for becoming apprentice-engineers or non-commissioned officers of industry, and also prepares for engineering colleges. At no time has industry ever needed more well-trained and educated workers than it does today.

Newark has over three hundred different manufacturing plants, and needs many well-trained and well-educated workers at the head of these industries.

Join the ranks of those who stand for the industrial progress of our country!

The students at school usually form some sort of club as in Central, the "Technical Club." This club was formed to further and promote the technical knowledge of its members. This is accomplished by having various members of the faculty give talks, and also by going on trips to industrial and manufacturing plants. The officers of the Technical Club are as follows:

President.....	Malcolm McClinchie
Vice President.....	Ferris Watts
Secretary.....	Joseph Lampariello
Treasurer.....	Charles Hoops

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The membership committee consists of the following: F. Rommel, Chairman; G. Henn, L. Edelman. The trip committee: A. D'adezzio, Chairman; H. Landshoff, J. Sweitzer.

CHECKER PLAYER GRADUATES

With the graduation of Benjamin Braelow, Central loses its Checker Champion. Braelow has been captain of the checker team for the last three years and has held every office from President down to manager. When Braelow joined the club in his freshman year, his playing earned him the position as substitute on the team. Ben's record in the club shows that he has come first in four tournaments and second in the fifth tournament.

Braelow has the distinction of beating the student wonder, Gladstone, during a team match against Bar-ringer High School. He also played in several matches representing the city of Newark, against Montclair, Paterson and Jersey City.

A TRIP TO THE LEVIATHAN

The boys started out with Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Murray to 47th Street and 11th Avenue, New York, where the Leviathan was at anchor. Going over on the train Mr. Murray read in the paper that the Leviathan was open to the public until noon. This gave us a scare. When we reached there, we found out that it was still open for inspection. We then entered the huge steamship. Among the interesting sights were the bathing pool, the dining room, the social room, the smoking salon and various state rooms. We were shown as far as deck F. That is we saw decks A, B, C, D, E, F, in which the first and second classes of transportation are. When we left we saw the outside of the great ship. Its smoke-stacks were enormous. After getting a good glimpse of the steamship we left for Newark.

A BACKWARD GLANCE

By Rose Vigliotta

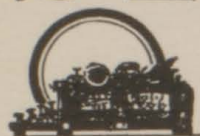
Just four years ago I stood,
A little 1C shy and good.
Dear Central High, I entered here
With resolutions and things to fear;
For was not high school hard and cruel
For graduates from grammar school?

Nine months from then a sophomore, I beamed
With aspirations and myths that gleamed.
This life now seemed to me so dear,
With so many victories to cheer.
At last to me all dreams came true,
For was I not a Junior too?

And as a Junior staunch and good,
By Central's side I've always stood.
It makes no difference what others say,
For in ev'ry turn that slogan stays;
Which I uphold and many hallow,
"Central Leads, and others follow."

And now a Senior indeed I am,
Helping and leading the little freshman.
The years of toil are ending now,
And to dear Central I solemnly vow,
In future years I'll still recall
The gleeful voices in Central's Hall.

STENOGRAPHIC NOTES



A MESSAGE TO CENTRALITES

By Viola Fuerth

Viola Fuerth, although a student in our two-year course, was one of the best typists Central ever turned out. She left us in March, 1915, and is now employed in an office in Orange.

She appreciates the training she received while a pupil here and was interested enough to send us recently the following message, which we believe will be very helpful to all our shorthand pupils.

Do you want to know the truth about something? Then read a little further for me. A very fine speaker who is visiting in Newark at the present time said that she had found that some people didn't even like fairy stories when they had the truth in them. However, I won't scare you with the one I know, for it isn't anything that is new. I was told about it when I was a student nine years ago, and found it was true.

What do you have to do to be successful? In your studies, in business, or in anything? You have to work. Just as well as you have to earn your friendship to be a friend, so you have to work to be advanced. I shouldn't think it would sound very encouraging to tell anyone they have to work to get along, but let me explain it.

I never wanted a position where I had to work hard—do you? We see people holding positions that we, when we started out, thought we would love to have; but what about it? Only this—you cannot get that wonderful position through influence, pull, drag or disposition—the only way to the top is through MERIT. What you honestly do, know and honestly work for are the only things that will build. The reason the job you picked out to have appar-

ently looks so easy is because they worked to learn their business well. Here is my own example: It takes my employer just fifteen minutes at the very most to keep me rushed all day, and sometimes longer than usual, at my desk. Is it how long or how much you work, or is it what you know?

Why we are told we have to work in the beginning is because we are best able to and also because we have to get our foundation then; in your first year at High School you have more to do than at the end of your course, although it is not easier.

Now a word, my earnest reader, about Efficiency. The first thing I think of when I start out for the day is to be prompt; then, to take pride about the appearance of my working corner; third, it is my duty to be pleasant and willing; and fourth, to be ready for business—as I am in it. I want to say in conclusion that at the end of my day I look forward to a long walk home—read, and have plenty of rest.

I have found that my training at Central was not only necessary to start me in my business career, but it has influenced and guided me in all that I have undertaken. Central not only has meant much to me in the past—but still means a great deal.

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TYPEWRITING AWARDS

Bronze Medal and Bar

	Rate
May Smoleroff	58
Frances Lee	57
Esther Rosenblatt	55
Tillie Schlain	55
Celia Weinberg	54
Celia Tausk	53
Rose Silverman	53
Gussie Bernstein	52
Mollie Spector	52
Lillian Goldis	51
Ida Coopersmith	50
David Sarbone	50
Bessie Schreiber	50

BRONZE MEDAL

	Rate
David Sarbone	49.2
Robert Campiglia	48
Clara Stromback	48
Lena Caprio	46
Jennie Krosky	46
Helen Wood	44
Evelyn Bentz	43
Pauline Jaffee	43
Sidney Leon	43
Clara Loebel	43
Bessie Schreiber	43
Tillie Schlain	42
Louis Heuser	41
Josephine Sommese	41

CHAMPION TYPISTS' HONOR ROLL

	Record
January—May Smoleroff	58.8
February—Frances Lee	57.5

SECRETARIAL CLUB

OFFICIAL ROSTER

President	David Sarbone
Vice President	Frances Grau
Secretary	Florence Moore
Custodian	Robert Campiglia

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Marjorie Walsh, Chairman
Edward Highton
Gertrude Trugman

It is the object of the Secretarial Club to create a business attitude among the students before they enter business. This end is accomplished by having influential speakers from outside talk to us and give demonstrations which could not otherwise be given.

This club is a benefit to the students, and it is said that all stenography students who are eligible and do not belong to it are—as we say—“missing something good.”

Applications can be obtained from the President, David Sarbone, in Room 216 A. M. at any time, and all students who are interested are urged to apply for membership.

SPECIAL REMINGTON AWARDS

In the January Remington tests Arthur Clay was awarded a leather card case for his record of 45.2 words a minute, and May Smoleroff received a gold medal for her record of 55.7.

Since that time May has increased her speed a great deal and she is now writing 60 words a minute on fifteen-minute tests and 70 words a minute on short accuracy tests.

MR. PFROMMER AGAIN VISITS CENTRAL

On January 31, Mr. Howard G. Pfrommer and Joe Gold, a clever writer of the Isaac Pitman system, visited Central as guests of The Secretarial Club. Mr. Pfrommer gave quite a lengthy and inspiring

THE PIVOT

talk in which he emphasized so many fine points about our system of shorthand that we are publishing it in full for the benefit of those pupils who could not be present.

At the conclusion of his talk he gave several dictations which Joe Gold took at about 200 words a minute and read back practically without error.

Joe's performance was very inspiring to our pupils,

because he is not a professional. He is a boy about sixteen years old and graduated from high school only last June. What he was able to do with shorthand, therefore, meant more to our boys and girls than the work of a professional.

Joe made many friends among the members of the club, who wish that he would come again.

PITMAN SHORTHAND AS IT IS FITTED TO OUR LANGUAGE

Students of shorthand, as well as of other subjects, often follow directions and instructions too closely—that is, without assuring themselves that they understand the why and wherefore of things. At times, it is necessary to go ahead in blind faith and apply rules and principles of shorthand without questioning. This is quite true of the beginner. But for shorthand writers who are advanced sufficiently to interest themselves in a stenographic club there should be lively interest and thought about all the rules and principles underlying the construction of the shorthand system. A famous orator used the phrase "light of reasoning," explaining that a subject could be approached in the same way as one enters a dark room. The principle in shorthand that is not understood is like the dark room; but as soon as we apply thought to the subject the light of reasoning brings out all the thought, just as the light of a lamp brings out the dark corners in the room.

Obviously, shorthand notes must be as brief as possible; they must be sufficiently easy to write that they can be put on paper at a speed equivalent to the regular rate of speech. But more than being brief to the hand in executing, they must be complete to the eye in reading, they must give up the whole word and nothing less than the whole word.

The English language is constructed in a very definite way. We know of course that our words are spelled in a peculiar fashion. Take for example the words ending in -ough and the different sounds; there are, though, through, cough, bough, enough. But so far as the sounds of the language are concerned, they do occur in quite a definite order. I will give a few illustrations of this point. Syllables are built around vowels. Whether a vowel is first,

in the middle, or last—it is always the core, so to speak, of the syllable. A few stock combinations of consonants and syllables are the combination of sm- or sn- at the beginning of a syllable. When "M" is preceded by any other consonant at the beginning of a syllable, that consonant is "S." Just for fun, try to combine some other consonant with "M"—it can't be done.

Another interesting set of sounds is found when a vowel follows "M", "N", "R", "L", "Y", "J", at the beginning of syllables. These letters are never followed by anything but vowels at the beginnings of syllables. I have mentioned the illustrations to point out that there is a definite sequence, or order, of sounds and if you wish to investigate further—you can spend a profitable hour or two reading the introduction of a Webster Dictionary.

So, in preparing a shorthand system one must be thoroughly conversant with the sounds of the English language. Isaac Pitman was primarily an advocate for a definite sign for every sound expressed in the regular longhand alphabet. All of the spelling reform of which we hear a great deal today and which was fostered by Roosevelt, had its greatest impetus from the work of Isaac Pitman. Mr. Pitman learned one of the real old systems of shorthand with the thought in mind of utilizing it in his general literature work and in promoting his phonetic spelling. He soon discovered the inadequacies in the system and his exhaustive studies in the sounds of the language, as well as his extraordinary ability for work and invention, led him to prepare his own shorthand system.

His first step was to arrange and classify the sounds he had to represent. Next he selected the available material for expressing his sounds and for the pur-

THE PIVOT

pose used the geometric curves and strokes, not by change, but because they combine in the most number of convenient forms.

Further than this, he adapted the kind of stroke to the kind of sound—arranging them in pairs, light strokes for light sounds, and heavy strokes for heavy sounds—as P. B. T. D.; etc. And further he arranged these naturally paired letters in the natural order in which they are expressed. Observe carefully that P, and B are the result of the action of the lips; that T and D are the result of the action of the teeth; that ch and J are the result of the action of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and that K and G are the action of the throat. The same is true of the curves, F and V the lips; Th and TH of the teeth; sh and ZH of the tongue and roof; etc.

The same general principle is followed in the vowels. A, E, and I being assigned to strokes in the same order in which they are expressed by the voice.

The property of easy-combination of the geometric characters brings to use a great mass of abbreviating devices which combine with the alphabet and enable very rapid writing—I need only mention the hooks for R, L, F, V and shun; the circles for S, and combinations of S.

The real value of these secondary means of representing sounds is quite as much in the field of "vowel indication" as in the field of speed. It is the accuracy of reading which is greatly enhanced. Vowel indication means the plain indication of a vowel without writing it. It is just as though we were looking at a landscape and saw great hills separated by a deep valley. We know by deduction that in that valley will be either a river or a lake. Or seeing a great cloud of smoke in the distance, we know that there is a fire even though we can't see the fire. Or if we see a ship go over the horizon, and can just see the mast disappearing, we know that there is a hull to that ship. That is indication—or perhaps it would be better to say deduction. We must be careful, to be sure. If we are looking at a man's back and he has coal black hair, we don't want to bet too much on his having black eyes, sometimes they are blue!—or, black and blue!

Let me give you some examples of vowel indication.

First—we have position writing which tells us the accented vowel; that is, limits the accented vowel to either first, second or third place. This is very valuable and should be followed in the short words with great care. Don't forget that the long words are not the real difficult words to read because being long they are more apt to suggest themselves from the actual impression made when written. But the short words can so easily be read one for another that they must be accurately written and accurately placed.

Then the circle S provides a means of vowel indication; Since a vowel requires a stroke, in the word "ask" we must write a-s-k, but in the word "sack" we write S circle a k. When we see the stroke S, initially, we look for the vowel—and knowing it is there, we are able to leave it out. At the ends of words, too, the circle is of use; for example, days and daisy.

R: Fair and fairy; ray and oar.

L: Elk, like; full, fully; rail, relay.

WH: While, awhile; ward, award;

N: Pen, penny;

T: Pit, pity;

V: Puff, puffy;

Tr: Center, sentry;

THR: Feather, feathery;

Fr: Offer, fray;

Thr: Author, throw.

Speed practice.

Knowledge of theory.

Orthodox outlines.

Arrangement of note-book.

Value of stenography in business.

From what I have said about the sounds of the English language and the construction of the alphabet of Pitman Shorthand, and the provision made for indicating exactly the vowels in words written in Pitman Shorthand, you will see the arrangement of the Shorthand alphabet has not been a matter of mere choice, but a question of a careful analysis and investigation.

As I said before, if the talk I have given seems a little "over your head" it is only because I think that students who are interested enough to participate in a Stenographic Club, will be interested enough to do a little thinking for themselves about shorthand matters.

MISS FITZSIMMONS ADDRESSES SECRETARIAL CLUB

Thursday, March 20, Miss Helena S. Fitzsimmons, who has charge of employment in Bamberger's, came to Central and addressed the Secretarial Club. Her talk was very informal but very inspiring. In part she said:

"One of our great slogans is: 'What can we do to make one of America's stores greater?' We are constantly thinking that matter over.

"I was very much delighted when I came up the steps. I was impressed with the size of the building; I felt that you must be doing a tremendous piece of work here. I was surprised that you had so many well equipped class rooms. When I went into the typewriting and shorthand rooms I noticed on the blackboards accuracy tests and the names of the pupils who had made good records; probably some of these good pupils will come to us some day.

"I wonder if you would like to know of some people in our organization who have done well there. There is the Superintendent of our store—Mr. Edward Schindle. He started in the store as a little office boy; in fact, he was so small that he had to stand on a chair to dust the office where he worked. He almost had to lie about his age to convince people he was old enough to work. He advanced to purchasing agent and had charge of everything that is bought in the store. From there he went to the Superintendency.

"Then there is Miss Gless. She is Buyer in our Cloak and Suit Department. Once upon a time she was a stock girl. It seems a long jump from stock girl to Buyer, doesn't it? She did not do that in one year or two years; she was satisfied to go slowly.

"Then there is a woman in our store who holds an unusual position. She is Traffic Manager; she is the only woman Traffic Manager in the United States. I suppose you wonder what Traffic Manager means in a department store. All the merchandise which comes into our house arrives in a large Central room. It is a receiving room where she checks the goods and marks them before placing them in the different departments. It is a big job getting all that merchandise, getting railroads and express companies to deliver on time and Miss Evers is the one who manages that. Perhaps you wonder how she began and worked into a position like that. She

started as a stenographer and typist in the receiving room office where she now is. She was getting \$10 a week when she started. She was correspondence clerk and she decided to leave one Saturday because of her salary but was persuaded to stay. She was the kind of person who kept her eyes and ears open; she learned all the operations in that receiving room office and now she is Traffic Manager there.

"I wonder what qualities these people had that made them go ahead as they did. In the first place, they must have had the opportunity to do it, don't you think? They had the opportunity and then they had stick-to-it-iveness. Do you think that is needed very much to succeed? Oh, yes, you have to be able to stick to the thing you are doing.

"Also they must have been inquisitive. Do you think the inquisitive quality is a good thing? Curiosity? They must have been curious to know why things were done and how they were done. They must have learned all about their own work and kept their minds on as much else that went on around them as they could.

"They must have been the kind of people who can get on with people around them. If you knew Mr. Schindle, you would know that he has that quality. I asked him if he would give me a few thoughts for you and sure enough yesterday he sent three typed sheets with his thoughts. These people are people who can get along with others, who are thoughtful of others.

"How can you prepare yourselves in school to fit in any kind of work? You can prepare yourselves by the simple virtue of being on time; by practising getting on well with each other; by remembering to be courteous, which counts a great deal in business; and when you have a thing to do to get it done with the greatest despatch possible. By specializing in your work you are going to have a much better opportunity to fit in than others by being the very best that you can, by doing the very best kind of work you can, and then by checking up upon yourself, not waiting for teachers to tell you, not waiting for marks to come in. Are you satisfied with what you are doing? Are you appreciating all your opportunities? You can at least take a few minutes each day and learn what you have done."

The Class of
May, 1924

Class Advisor



VICTOR H. SCHLEICHER

Amicus Omnibus, Amatus ab Omnibus

THE PIVOT

PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS

LIST, WILLIAM H. 321 So. 12th Street
Technical. Prospects: Antioch College

"Good sense and good nature are never separated."

President of 4A Class; Rifle Club; Sport Editor, PIVOT Board; Technical Club.

Bill is "good reliable" and has produced not only splendid work in studies, but activities as well. Antioch will receive him with open arms. Good luck, Bill.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS

ISENBERG, EDITH 89 Lindsley Avenue
Commercial. Prospects: Columbia

"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with."

Vice-President 4A Class; President Swimming Club; Secretary Girls' Service Club; Secretary Swimming Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Charm School; Riding Club; Chairman of Committee of 1C Social.

Edith is as sweet as she is tall.

SECRETARY OF THE CLASS

SMOLEROFF, MAY 175 Mapes Avenue
Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

Secretary 4C Class; Secretary 4B Class; Secretary 4A Class; Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Secretarial Club; Charm School; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Typewriting Medals; Senior PIVOT Board; Financial Committee 4C Class.

A girl who is sure to "get there." May's sweet nature and ability as a student and otherwise have won for her the love of her fellow-students.

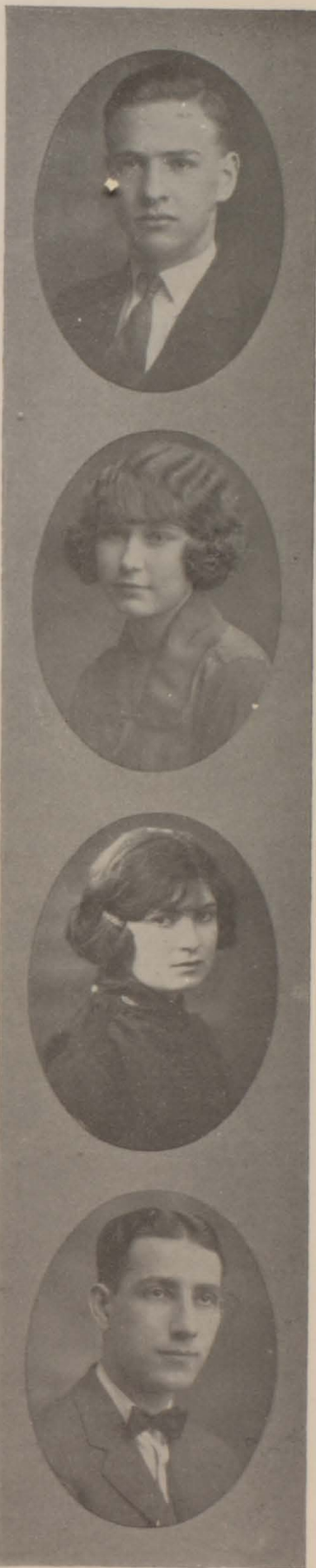
TREASURER OF THE CLASS

CHIVIAN, LOUIS 75 Sixteenth Avenue
Commercial Spanish. Prospects: University of Maryland

"A lion among the ladies is a dangerous thing."

Treasurer of 4A Class; Treasurer of Central Rookies; Treasurer of Alpha and Omega Club; 4B Executive Committee; 4C Executive Committee; Senior PIVOT Board; Literary Club; "Senior Follies"; "Step Inn"; Central Castellano; Overall Club; Armory Exhibition; Class Relay; Glee Club; Assistant Business Manager "Charm School."

Louis is quite popular among the ladies.





ALTMAN, EDYTHER

46 Belleville Avenue

Arts. Prospects: N. Y. School Fine & Applied Arts

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

Although Edythe has not been very active in school activities, we are sure that she will make good.

ATHENEOS, JOHN

253 Warren Street

General Latin. Prospects: Harvard.

"All people said he had authority."

President of Boys' Service Club; Chairman of Old English "C" Committee; Latin Club; Chess and Checker's Club; Rifle Club; Stage Manager of "Charm School"; Head of Morning Forum and Honor Roll; Winner of Old English "C".

John is a fellow who will leave a good record behind him. Besides working for the school, he never lagged in his studies.

AUGUST, LILY

162 Sheerer Avenue

Arts Music. Prospects: Undecided.

"Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Senior PIVOT Board; Swimming Club; Literary Club; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Riding Club.

Lily is always giggling. What is it that makes you do it?

BENNETT, MORRIS

136 Fourth Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"So young to leave his mother."

Secretarial Club.

Morris, although quiet, is well liked by all who know him.

THE PIVOT

BERLIN, EDNA

137 Court Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"For nature made her what she is,
and never made another."

Swimming Club; 4B Entertainment Committee; 4A Entertainment Committee; Secretarial Club; Program Committee of Secretarial Club; 4C Entertainment; Senior PIVOT Board; Service Club; Morning Forum and Honor Holl.

Edna is one of our popular girls. Here's wishing you success.

BIPPART, FRIEDA

715 Sanford Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Sweet as a flower."

Vice-President of 4C Class; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Dramatic Club.

Frieda is a very studious and industrious girl.

BRADY, AUGUSTA

218 Sixteenth Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

Secretarial Club.

We will all miss Augusta because of her sweet and quiet ways.

BURCHARDT, MARION

376 Bergen Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Give me the world and its joy."

Girls' Service Club.

It's a good thing to laugh and be gay, Marion. Marion sure is a jolly girl.



THE PIVOT

CATALDO, ROSE

294 Fifteenth Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"She comes to us smiling."

Skyrockets; Riding Club; Secretarial Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

Rose has made herself known in classes by her everlasting smile. Keep it up, Rose.

CAVANAGH, ALICE

10 Kenmore Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Industry is my motto."

Girls' Service Club; Secretarial Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

Alice is a very quiet girl. She is a hard worker and has succeeded in her work. We are sure success awaits her in the business world.

COEYMAN, HELEN

135 Montclair Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

Swimming Club; Secretarial Club; Riding Club; Gym Exhibition; Winner of Typing Medal.

Helen is one of our sweetest girls.

COHEN, HELEN

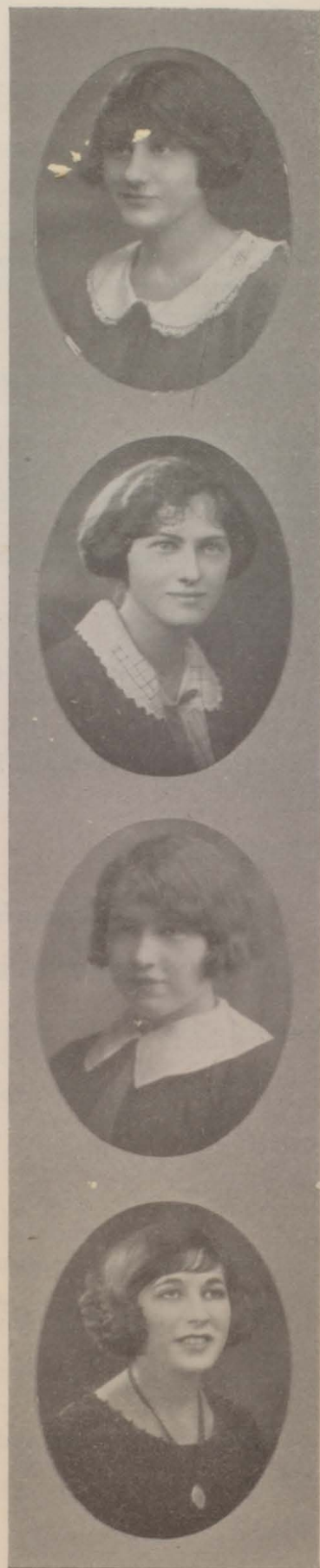
122 Mapes Avenue

General. Prospects: Business

"Airs and manners are more expressive than words."

Swimming Club; Secretarial Club; Riding Club; Gym Exhibition; Dancing Class.

All who know Helen like her for her gentle manner and smile.



THE PIVOT

COOK, GERTRUDE

103 Peshine Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"Work brings glory and success."

Literary Club; Secretarial Club; Swimming Club; Armory Exhibition; Riding Club.

As are shown by Gertrude's activities she is a very active girl. There will be no obstacles to block her pathway to success.



COOKE, SARA E.

169 Norfolk Street

Commercial. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

"What I do, let me do well."

Typewriting Medal; Gym Exhibition; Daily News Secretary.

We are sure Sara will be a success, as she has shown her ability as secretary of the Daily News.



COOPERSMITH, IDA

104 First Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"With her quiet, modest, sunny disposition."

Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club; Basketball; Winner of Typewriting Medals; Girls' Riding Club.

Ida has shown by her activities that she is interested in sports.



COX, HARRY

37 Homestead Park

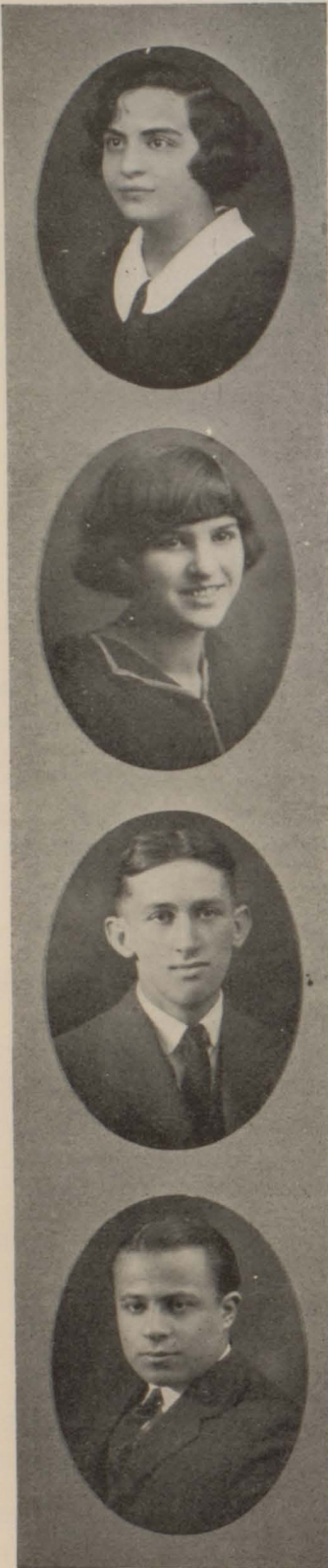
Commercial. Prospects: Columbia.

"He maketh sweet music."

Orchestra; Boys' Service Club; Gym Exhibition; 4A Sergeant-at-Arms; Senior PIVOT Board.

Harry has shown the essentials of true comradeship at all times. He was also very valuable to the music department.





EPSTEIN, PAULINE

87 Astor Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Modesty is the grace of the soul."

Girls' Swimming Club; Literary Club; Girls' Riding Club; Secretarial Club; Assistant Reporter Secretarial Club.

Pauline is a jolly girl, ready to dispel gloom if it is around.

FINKEL, YETTA

340 Peshine Avenue

General Arts. Prospects: Normal.

"Diligence is the mother of Good Luck."

Girls' Swimming Club; Cartoon Club; Armory Exhibition; Gym Exhibition; Glee Club.

Although Yetta is not so well known she is liked by all who do know her. Lots of luck, Yetta!

FINKELSTEIN, ABRAHAM

8 Bloomfield Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A sprightly step marks the athlete."

Central Rookies; Mystical "13"; Underwood Medal; Freshman Relay.

He is very quiet, but is a true example of one who attends to his own affairs.

FORMAN, JACK

821 South Sixteenth Street

General. Prospects: Columbia.

"A youth of labor with an age of ease."

Football '20, '21, '22, '23; Orchestra '23, '24; Senior PIVOT Board; Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class; Tennis Club; Track Team '21; Literary Club.

Jack's athletic career speaks well for him. We shall miss his humorous jokes.

THE PIVOT

FREDERICKS, ELSIE

73 Irving Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"As quiet as an owl by day."

Elsie is quiet and demure, but those who know her like her pleasant manner and willingness to help others.



FREEMAN, HERMINA

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"Although vanquished she could argue still."

PIVOT Board; Staff Typist; Central Literary Club; Vice-President Literary Club; Secretary Literary Club; G. O. Delegate; Riding Club; Gym Exhibition; Basketball Team; G. O. Member.

Hermina possesses a wonderful knack of arguing. Keep it up.



FRIEND, DOROTHY

79 Clinton Avenue

General. Prospects: Columbia University.

"She makes much noise."

Girls' A. A.; Girls' Freshman, Junior and Senior Basketball Teams; Girls' Swimming Club; Armory Exhibition; Tennis Tournament; Girls' Baseball Team; Skyrockets; Secretary Red Head Club.

Dorothy is one of our best girl athletes. We know we shall miss her good work and smiles.



GELLER, ANNA

14 Marie Place

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Big results come from small people."

Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Literary Club.

Anna is our class baby. She may not be tall in height, but she is large in friendship.





GESULDI, JOSEPH

239 Hunterdon Street

Technical. Prospects: Cornell.

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

Mathematical Club; Technical Club; Technical Basketball Club.
Joe's list of activities speak well for him.

GHEE, DORIS

64 Summit Place

General. Prospects: Normal

"To be content with little is happiness."

Doris' nature has won for her a host of friends.

GOLDIS, LILLIAN

74 Stratford Place

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Silence is golden."

Literary Club; Swimming Club; Skyrockets; Gym Exhibition; Staff
Typist for PIVOT; Winner of 50 word Typewriting Medal.

Although quiet, she is liked by all.

GROSS, EVA

9 Fessenden Place

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"The face charms because the soul is seen."

Secretarial Club; Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal; Chess
and Checkers Club.

Not a very talkative girl, but a good student. Here's wishing you
lots of luck!

THE PIVOT

HEQUEMBOURG, JEROME E.

34 Gould Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Newark Tech.

"He mixed studies and sports and mixed both well."

Technical Club; Gym Exhibition 1922; Senior Relay Team Central National Meet 1924; Manager of Basketball 1924; Photographic Editor on Senior PIVOT Board.

Jerome certainly is a good sport. Not only in athletics but also in the field of knowledge.



HEXAMER, FRED

50 Lyons Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Stevens.

"Large was he in form, and large also in heart."

Football '22, '23.

Fred shows by his activities that he is athletically inclined. He is very popular, and will leave many friends behind him.



HOLMES, GLADYS

38 Charlton Street

General. Prospects: Normal.

"And she was wondrous wise."

Gladys is a very quiet girl; one who is well liked by all her classmates.



HOOPS, CHARLES GEORGE

70 Peshine Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Architectural.

"Character and intelligence go hand in hand."

President Mathematics Club; Vice-President Mathematics Club; Treasurer Technical Club; Membership Committee Technical Club; Boys' Service Club; Vice-President Radio Club.

Charles is well liked by those who know him.





HOROWITZ, MICHAEL

171 Prince Street

General. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

"Work conquers all."

C. M. T. C.; Boys' Service Club.

Michael has not been very active in school clubs, but he is a member of our best club which speaks well for him.

JOHNSON, CHARLES

355 Bank Street

Technical. Prospects: Business.

"Speech is human, Silence is divine."

Rifle Club; Technical Club; Mathematics Club.

Men of silence are said to do great things. We all hope you will do them.

JONES, THELMA

312 North Seventh Street

General. Prospects: Normal.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Thelma is another of our quiet girls, but this does not subtract anything from her gentle manners.

KAHN, ROSE

406 South Seventh Street

Art. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"She who scatters sunshine, everywhere she goes."

4B Executive Board; Chess and Checkers Club.

Rose is sure to reach the goal of success because of ready wit and sterling character.

THE PIVOT

KANTOR, JOHN

60 Nelson Place

Commercial Art. Prospects: University of Michigan.

"There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends."

Associate Editor of Senior PIVOT Board; Chairman of "Old English C" Committee; Boys' Service Club; Rally Arrangement Committee; Chess and Checkers Club; Radio Club; Camera Club; Glee Club; 4C Entertainment Committee; Riding Club; PIVOT Agent; Spanish Club; Literary Club; Business Manager of the "Charm School."

Let's hope John makes a success in whatever he undertakes. John is quite popular with the ladies.

KIELL, MARION

823 South 15th Street

General Spanish. Prospects: Normal School

"We never grow weary of her fellowship."

Secretary of 4C Class; Prom Committee; Ways and Means Committee; Secretary of Literary Club; Secretary of Cartoonist Club; Journalist Club.

Marion is a good companion; her never-ending supply of jokes keeps us always in good company.

KLAUSNER, SAMUEL J.

266 Osborne Terrace

Technical. Prospects: Cooper Union

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Samuel has won his way into our hearts by his humor and good poetry.

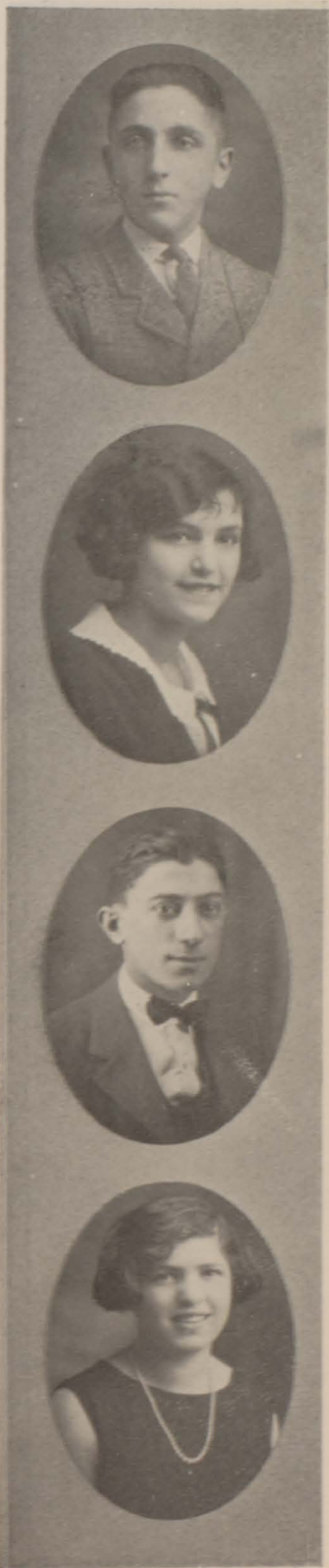
KUCHINSKY, KATIE D.

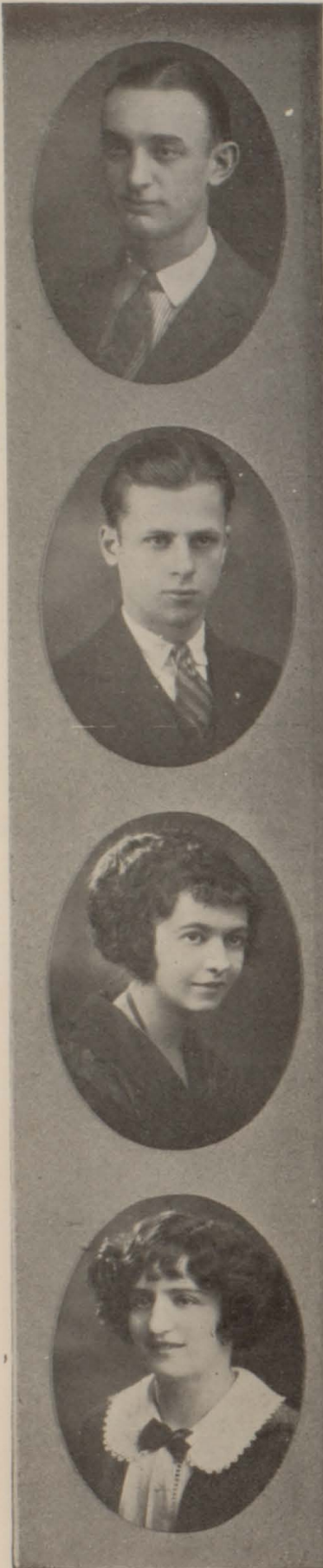
536 South Seventeenth Street

"Words are mighty, words are living."

Morning Forum and Honor Roll; Girls' A. A.; Literary Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Armory Exhibition.

Kate has shown by her activities her interest in school affairs. It speaks well for Kate.





LANDENBERGER, HENRY

503 Twelfth Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

A fellow who is admired by all.

LASSER, ARCHIE

25 Avon Place

Arts. Prospects: University of Pennsylvania

"Great hopes make a great man."

Boys' Swimming Club; Armory Exhibition; Harmony Club; Glee Club; Boys' Service Club; Manager of Book Room; Member of Book Room; Rifle Club.

Although we have not heard much from Archie, those who know him, can tell you only good.

LEE, FRANCES

50 Barnett Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A woman's hair is her crowning glory."

Girls' Service Club; Secretarial Club; Glee Club; Orchestra '23, '24; Girls' Reserves; Literary Editor of Senior PIVOT Board; Winner Underwood Typing Medals.

Frances has "played" her way into the hearts of all Centralites and she will be missed.

LEHMAN, MOLLIE

519 South Eleventh Street

Commercial French. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"The face that smiles is fair."

President 4B Class; Vice President 4B Class; Treasurer of Girls' Swimming Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Girls' Service Club; 4C Entertainment Committee; 4C Prom Committee; 4B Alumni Committee; Usher for "Charm School"; 4B Show Committee; 4A Entertainment Committee; Armory Exhibition; Gym Exhibition; Girls' Dancing Class.

One look at Mollie's activities tells the tale. She is a bright, happy, popular girl. The world is open to you, Mollie.

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LESSER, LEAH FLORENCE

877 South 20th Street

"Music is the Universal language of mankind"

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Music.

President Girls' Reserves; Secretary Girls' Reserves; Secretary of Literary Club; Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Committee for Charm School; Dancing Class; Pianist Dancing Class; Armory Exhibition; Winner of Underwood Medal; Riding Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

A look at Leah's activities and we can see why she has chosen music as her profession. Here's wishing you luck!

LEVY, ISADOR

180 Hunterdon Street

General. Prospects: University of Penn.

"And certainly he was a good fellow."

Central Service Club; 4B Entertainment Committee; Rifle Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Riding Club.

Isador is one of the most friendly and good-natured chaps of our class. He is liked by all—especially the weaker sex.

LIEBERMAN, BESSIE

542 South 12th Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Affections are as thoughts to her
The measures of her hours."

Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Ways and Means Committee 4B Class; Senior PIVOT Board; Winner of Underwood Medal; Riding Club; Swimming Club.

Bessie is as merry as the day is long. Her never ending supply of smiles keeps us in good spirits all the time.

LOEBEL, CLARA

174 Osborne Terrace

Commercial French. Prospects: Business.

"As bonny a lass as ever there was."

Girls' Service Club; Girls' Riding Club; Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Senior PIVOT Board.

Clara will leave many friends when she leaves. Here's wishing you luck.





LOEHNBERG, RUTH

61 Isabella Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"A smiling conscience, a contented mind."

Secretarial Club.

Ruth is always smiling. Keep it up Ruth, its the best way.



LOUIS, GUSTAVE

199 Sylvan Avenue

Commercial Latin. Prospects: Business.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Secretarial Club; Riding Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

His worth is evident to all.



LURIE, JULIUS

5 Wallace Place

College Preparatory. Prospects: City College of N. Y.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Book Agent; Cross Country '22; Class Relay '22; Chess and Checkers Club.

Although Julius has been with us only a short time, he has made lasting friends.



MALKIN, ANNA

229 Livingston Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Undecided

"Goodness is the only investment that never fails."

Swimming Club; Riding Club; Vice President Literary Club; Armory Exhibition; Gymnasium Exhibition; Skyrockets; Usher at Indoor Track Meet; Basketball Team '23, '24.

Anna is very quiet, but that will not make us forget her.

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MOORE, FLORENCE RUTH

139 Sunset Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

" 'Tis good nature only wins the heart."

Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Girls' Service Club; Secretarial Club; Custodian Secretarial Club; Secretary, Secretarial Club; Senior PIVOT Board.

A smile will go a long, long way, Florence. Don't ever forget it. Here's wishing you success.



NUSBAUM, CARL

547 South 12th Street

College Prep. Prospects: C. C. N. Y.

"Quick in action and thought."

President and Vice-President of Rifle Club; Debating Club; Baseball Team, '22; Assistant Circulation Manager of PIVOT; Spanish Club; Literary Club.

Here's another one of our clever students.



RESNICK, ROSE

46 Sterling Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Swimming Club; Secretarial Club; Riding Club; Literary Club; Usher, Charm School; Armory Exhibition; Gym Exhibition; Senior PIVOT.

Rose is quite well known. She is well liked by all who know her.



ROSEN, SOL

111 Watson Avenue

College Prep. Prospects: U. of M.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Editor-in-Chief of Senior PIVOT; Exchange Editor of PIVOT; 4B Executive Committee; 4B Carnival Committee; 4C Executive Committee; Service Club; Chemistry Club; Winner of Old English "C."

Sol has taken an active interest in all sides of school life. We know he will make good at Maryland. Best wishes, Sol.



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SCHLOSSER, BEATRICE H.

349 Fairmount Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the hearts of others."

Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Gym Exhibition; Chess and Checkers Club; Riding Club; Skyrockets.

Beatrice has been a hard worker and an ambitious student. May luck be with her.

SCHUTZMAN, MARTHA E.

178 Spruce Street

Commercial. Prospects: Vassar

"The endearing elegance of friendship."

Girls' Service Club; Cast in "General Slang's Downfall"; "The Charm School"; Glee Club; Gym Exhibition; Dramatic Club; Riding Club; PIVOT Agent; Senior PIVOT Board.

Martha is known for her jolly way and smiles. Keep it up Martha, smiles win friends.

SECO, HELEN M.

109 William Street

Art. Prospects: Normal

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Girls' Service Club; Swimming Club; Girls' A. A.; Literary Club; Dante Literary Club; Armory Exhibition; Girls' Basketball; Girls' Riding Club.

Helen's sweetness is one of her greatest charms.

SHANKS, ANNA MAY

39 Hecker Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A lovely girl is above all rank."

Gym Exhibition; Dancing Class; Armory Exhibition; Vice President 4B Class; 4B Carnival Committee.

A true friendly spirit and a pleasant disposition are Anna May's outstanding features.

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SINISCAL, ARTHUR

284 South Eighth Street

General. Prospects: Brooklyn Poly.

"Ability shines by its own light."

Radio Club; Rifle Club; Camera Club; Riding Club.

Arthur is a conscientious student and we know he will be successful.



STEFELMAN, BERTHA

59 Quitman Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"Much talk, much foolishness."

Swimming Club; Literary Club; Typewriting Medal; Chess and Checkers Club; Riding Club.

Bertha is always merry. Her humor is unfailing and she is always ready with a new joke.



STRAUSSBERG, EDITH

565 High Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: College.

"She has a voice of gladness, and a smile and eloquence of beauty."

Editor-in-Chief Senior PIVOT; Associate Editor; Morning Forum and Honor Roll; Girls' Service Club; President of Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Girls' Service Club; G. O. Delegate; Chairman of Ways and Means Committee; "The Charm School"; Captain of Theatre Party Team; Chairman of Membership Committee of Girls' Service Club; Journalist Club, Winner of Old English "C".

A girl who thinks twice before she speaks and what she says is worth listening to.



TISCH, GLADYS

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"To be short is no disgrace, only inconvenient."

Girls' Service Club; PIVOT Board; Basketball Team; Gym Exhibition; Riding Club; Dramatic Club; G. O. Member; 4B Carnival Committee.

The most obliging person that can be found. Always willing to lend a helping hand.



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TOMBACK, ETHEL

645 South Belmont Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Good humor is the sunshine of the mind."

Literary Club; Membership Director; Sport Editor; Chairman of 4B Ring Committee; 4C Executive Committee; 4B Carnival; 4B Ways and Means Committee; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Secretarial Club; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Chess and Checkers Club.

Ethel is always smiling. Keep it up.

TRUGMAN, GERTRUDE

38 Ridgewood Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"Amiability shines by its own light."

Secretarial Club; Literary Club; PIVOT Board, Staff Typist; Typewriting Medal.

We are sure that Gertrude will make a success in business.

TURTON, GEORGE

864 Bergen Street

General Spanish. Prospects: N. J. Law.

"There are greater men than I, but I don't believe it."

Radio Club; Glee Club; Advertising Manager of PIVOT; Track. The ladies think him cute and sweet. Do you blame them?

URBACH, LILLIAN

112 Avon Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Swimming Club; Literary Club; Riding Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Gym Exhibition; Armory Exhibition; Secretarial Club; Dancing Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Lillian is another of our quiet girls. She is liked by all who know her.

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VOOS, LOUISE

329 South Twelfth Street

General Arts. Prospects: Normal.

"Who pleasure gives shall joy receive."

Girls' Swimming Club; Treasurer of Cartoon Club; Basketball Team; Armory Exhibition; Gym Exhibition; Dancing Class; Glee Club.

Louise is a rather pleasant young lady with a delightful sense of humor. Keep it up, Louise, you will surely be successful as a teacher.



WALSH, MARJORIE EMILY

358 South Seventh Street

"My wild Irish Rose."

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

Chairman, Program Committee of Secretarial Club; Armory Exhibition; Dancing Class; Skyrockets; Secretarial Club; Literary Club; Swimming Club.

Marjorie is one of our obliging and sweet girls. A friend to all; an enemy to none. Best of luck to you.



WEISS, MARTHA

19 Avon Place

Arts, French. Prospects: Conservatory at Vienna

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Glee Club; Operetta; Dramatic Club.

Martha is sweet, companionable and a good sport.



WELLS, FRED

59 Arlington Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"None but himself can ever be his parallel."

Advertisement Manager Typewriting PIVOT; Central Meet Manager; Baseball Manager; Class Relay 1922; Track 1924; Secretarial Club.

Fred knows a lot but does not say much. He is sure to make a success.

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WIENER, IDA

712 Springfield Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Not simply good, but good for something."

Staff Typist; Secretarial Club; Gym Exhibition.

Ida has made her name in Central by her "Brightness" and "Quietness."

YANOWITZ, ROSE

195 Hillside Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic.
And so do I."

Girls' Service Club; Pin Committee; Literary Club; G. O. Delegate; Swimming Club; Secretary of Literary Club; Riding Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Chairman 4C Executive Board; Chairman 4B Executive Board; 4B Carnival Committee; Ways and Means Committee of 4B Class; Armory Exhibition; Dancing Class; Secretarial Club; Winner of Underwood Medal; Chess and Checkers Club.

Have your fun while you may, Rose. We all know Rose for her jolliness and good cheer.

ZICKERMAN, HILDA

27 Monmouth Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A pleasant girl with a pleasant smile."

Riding Club; Glee Club; Armory Exhibition; Girl Reserves; Secretarial Club; Spanish Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Winner of Underwood Medal.

Her pleasant ways have made her many friends in Central.

ZUCKER, EDITH

504 South Belmont Avenue

General Arts. Prospects: Normal School.

"A pleasing countenance is a silent recommendation."

Girl Reserves; Skyrockets; Swimming Club; Armory Exhibition; Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' A. A.; Glee Club; Harmony Club.

Edith is quiet, but is very popular among her friends.

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ZWEIBEL, HARRY

74 South Orange Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: U. of P.

"Faithfulness and sincerity first of all."

Boys' Service Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Chairman Membership Committee of Service Club.

Although Harry was chosen as one of our laziest boys, he certainly is a good fellow.



CLAY, ARTHUR

81 Lafayette Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"He talks, he will talk, let him talk on."

Camera Club; Swimming Club; Secretary of Spanish Club; Radio Club; Riding Club; Secretarial Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

Arthur talks a lot but sometimes he talks sense.

KATZ, SOLOMON

69 Lillie Street

General. Prospects: N. J. Pharmacy

"My tongue within my teeth I rein."

Chess and Checkers Club; Glee Club.

Here's wishing you success.

SUSSKIND, ABRAHAM

447 South 11th Street

Technical. Prospects: Mass. Institute of Technology.

"Business through and through."

We prophesize a bright future for you.

SUSSMAN, FLORENCE

135 Mapes Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"Generosity is the flower of justice."

Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Girls' Service Club; Swimming Club; Literary Club; Riding Club; IC Social Committee.

Florence's good nature will bring her reward. It is already shown by her activities.

TRAUB, ANNA

321 Eighteenth Avenue

General. Prospects: Normal.

"All good things come in small packages."

Although a small girl, she does big things. Stick to it, Anna. Here is hoping you succeed.

Autographs

THE PIVOT

TESTAMENTUM CLASSIS

By Louis Chivian and Emanuel Pfeiffer

It had been a hard day for Doctor Jones and he, in company with his lawyer friend Smith, were sitting comfortably in front of the cheery fire-place, listening to the music that came from out the radio horn. Outside the wind was howling; it was cold, too cold to snow, and anyone that could sit home on a night like this, might well laugh at the rage of Old Man Winter.

Lawyer Smith, leaning back in his chair, puffing away at his Havana, said, "It would be terrible to get a call tonight, wouldn't it, John?" The Doctor hastily replied, "Don't say anything, because I may be called any minute." And sure enough, the words were hardly out of his mouth, when the 'phone rang. Angrily the Doctor strode over, picked up the receiver, and listening, heard an urgent voice cry, "Oh! Doctor, please come quickly. There's an old man here very ill, and I think he's dying. Doctor, please come quickly." Of course such a plea could not be neglected. So in a few minutes, the physician and the lawyer, for it seemed fit that a lawyer be taken along, in a case where sudden death might occur, were off in the big closed car, with the address that had been given them.

Their destination was a big red building, at the front of which was a huge plaza. The men ascended the steps and were let in at the door, and directed to a room in which was lying, spent and weary, an old man. He looked strange, for though it seemed that he was leaving this world, there was a smile on his face. Yet it was not altogether a happy smile, for there was in it something of sadness. At his side stood an attendant who introduced himself as Doctor Schleicher. "I've been attending this man for some time," he informed them, "watching him since he has come in to his old age. He has gradually become weaker and weaker, and I think that no matter how he tries, he's about done for."

The doctor looked at his patient. His strength was almost gone, but yet he wanted to say something. From his case the physician took a stimulant, saying, "This will give him strength for a few minutes."

The narcotic taken, the weak old man rose up on his pillows and said, "Gentlemen, I am going. I feel my spirit ebbing away, and so I must make known my last will. You must know, gentlemen, that this building in which we are at present, is that famous edifice known as Central High School, and though I seem to you to be an ordinary individual, yet in reality I am the 4A class of May, 1924, of this institution. For many years I have lingered here, and now my days are nearly over. I have seen joys; I have seen sadness; I have been led through this last year of my life by this, my faithful friend, Dr. Schleicher. But now I must leave him, too." Here the feeble man stopped, and coughed. The doctor attempted to attend to him, but the sick man waived him aside and laboriously continued.

"There is a great body of young people—students they are. They have yet to reach this stage of existence. My last wishes are that those things which have given me pleasure here, shall be given to these young people. I believe one of you is an attorney. I should like you to put down these things as my bequests:

"First:—There is a wonderful gentleman, to whose earnest interest and advice, I may attribute whatever success I have achieved here. Mr. Wiener he is, and to those boys and girls whose lives in this institution are not yet finished, I leave him as a most faithful friend and guide.

"There is in this institution a great body of noble men and women, who devote their lives to the task of forming the characters of those fortunate young people who come into their teaching, so that they may become good, upright citizens. I leave, then, this unselfish group, this wonderful faculty, to the coming students.

"This faithful friend, this guide, this noble Dr. Schleicher, who has made my way clearer and who has made my days here so pleasant, I leave to some fortunate class who will have him as an advisor.

"Downstairs, in the center of this building, you

THE PIVOT

can see—gentlemen—a huge auditorium in which I and other classes have sat, and absorbed words of wisdom from noted speakers. I bequeath this auditorium so that future generations of Centralites, might find there inspiration.

"In that auditorium of which I spoke, young orators have often ascended the platform and there have held discourse on intellectual topics. How generously have they given advice and information! I leave every budding Sophocles to the undergraduate body, that they may thus be blessed with a wealth of knowledge.

"When on youthful foolishness I had fallen from grace, that wonderful force of women who watch over the office, where center the nerves of this institution, gave me liberally long hours to ponder on my sins, in that room called 108. I bequeath unto them an endless number of students and beg for them, mercy.

"When I was much younger and when with youthful strength I delighted in the dance; how I did revel in that Senior Prom. It was indeed the poetry of motion, where with a delightful partner, I glided over the floor. May the coming Seniors enjoy this even as I.

"How many times has my weary mind been refreshed by the delightful quips in that book of books, the PIVOT, published and written by the young intellectuals of this institution! I leave it, that others may find in it that pleasure which I have found in it.

"The tumultuous torrents of a great river rushed year after year into the mouth of the ocean. The ages go by and generations of men pass away. Yet, as the river keeps rushing on forever, and generation after generation are created so in this edifice though classes pass away, always there are those little, fearful, unassuming Freshmen who blossom into the maturity of such as I. I leave them that they may spread the name of this Hall of Learning.

"And finally, this wisdom of old age, this respect that comes with experience, this high station in life, I leave to that class that follows me—the Seniors—of August—1924."

It had been a matter of great labor for the old man to say these last words, and now as he finished he lay back on his pillows, breathing as if each gasp of air was a mountain of pain. Finally he heaved a great sigh, and with his last look, endeavoring to smile at that faithful attendant at his side, the 4A Class of May, 1924, passed out and away.

FROM (BERLIN) TO (AMSTERDAM) VIA (STRASSBURG)

By William H. List

Last (August) Jerome Hequembourg and Harry Cox left (Berlin) enroute to (Amsterdam) via (Strousberg). As it was necessary to take a sea-going (Seco) vessel, they induced Fred Hexamer to join them. Before being permitted to obtain a berth, they were told it was the custom of the company's to require the passengers to prove that they were (Freemen). "Our (Friend) Rosen will vouch for us," they said. "Such-a-man (Sussman) as he, is well worth his salt." After boarding, the vessel called (Frederick)-the-Great left (Port) and sailed on the briny-deep. When two days out, the vessel struck a storm and there was a sudden (List) to (Lee). Hexamer told Cox he thought the (Keel) struck an (Ice(en)berg) and the two, suddenly coming upon Hequembourg asked him what he was shiver-en (Chivian) about. Hequembourg said he was sure the vessel was sinking and that Captain Klausner better see that the people Sm(aller-off). "The best thing to do is to (Land-on-(that)berg)", said Lurie.

"Gee (Ghee) but I'd enjoy a nice (Weiner) now," said Martha Schutzman to Anna Geller, suddenly coming upon the crowd which was gathering on the decks, near the life-boats. "Tish" (Tisch)", said Martha's side-partner, Rose Rettig, "If you were a good fisher(Fischer)man and could cook (Cooke), I'd enjoy an Ice Cream cone (Cohen)."

"(Hoops) my dear," said Louise Voos. "Did it strike on the front (H)or-back)? What can (Kahn) the difference be?" said Majorie Walsh. "It would be the cats (Katz) if we were marooned on a deserted island," was the remark from John Atheneos. "My, what a remark from such a coy man (Coeyman)," said Arthur Clay. "Here comes Tom back, (Tomback) maybe he can tell us all about it," said Archie Lasser, "by the way, did you know he is John's son (Johnson)? Turton!" "Sure, but I don't like the situation we are in," said George. Suddenly Forman came up from below deck and said all was (Well), it was only a whale, and we would soon be on the way to our homes (Holmes).

THE BALLOT OF THE 4A'S

<i>Best Looking Boy</i>	<i>Most Conceited Boy</i>	<i>Class Sheikh</i>
Louis Chivian	William List	Louis Chivian
George Turton	Harry Zweibel	Jack Forman
<i>Best Looking Girl</i>	<i>Most Conceited Girl</i>	<i>Quietest Boy</i>
Edith Isenberg	Rose Resnick	Charles Johnson
Edna Berlin	Edith Straussberg	Sol Rosen
<i>Best Dresser, Boy</i>	<i>Best All-Round Boy</i>	<i>Quietest Girl</i>
John Kantor	Jack Forman	Clara Loebel
Harry Cox	Henry J. Landenberger	Freda Bippart
<i>Best Dresser, Girl</i>	<i>Best All-Round Girl</i>	<i>Noisiest Boy</i>
Lily August	Marjorie Walsh	William List
Edith Straussberg	Freda Bippart	George Turton
<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	<i>Class Orator—Girl</i>	<i>Noisiest Girl</i>
William List	Martha Schutzman	Martha Schutzman
Jack Forman	Marion Burchardt	Rose Resnick
<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	<i>Class Orator, Boy</i>	<i>Jolliest Girl</i>
Edith Isenberg	Samuel J. Klausner	Rose Yanowitz
Florence Moore	Jerome Hequembourg	Martha Schutzman
<i>Best Athlete, Boy</i>	<i>Biggest Bluffer, Boy</i>	<i>Jolliest Boy</i>
Jack Forman	George Turton	Jack Forman
George Turton	<i>Biggest Bluffer, Girl</i>	George Turton
<i>Best Athlete, Girl</i>	Rose Resnick	<i>Laziest Boy</i>
Marjorie Walsh	<i>Most Studious Boy</i>	Harry Zweibel
Dorothy Friend	Fred Wells	Jack Forman
<i>Best Dancer, Boy</i>	John Kantor	<i>Laziest Girl</i>
William List	<i>Most Studious Girl</i>	Edith Isenberg
Louis Chivian	May Smoleroff	Ethel Tomback
<i>Best Dancer, Girl</i>	Gertrude Trugman	<i>Wittiest Boy</i>
Edythe Altman	<i>Best Mixer, Boy</i>	Fred Wells
Ethel Tomback	George Turton	Harry Cox
<i>Most Boyish Girl</i>	Isadore Levy	<i>Wittiest Girl</i>
Dorothy Friend	<i>Best Mixer, Girl</i>	Marjorie Walsh
Martha Schutzman	Edith Isenberg	Alice M. E. Cavanagh
<i>Most Girlish Boy</i>	Mollie Lehman	<i>Best Boy Worker for Class</i>
Morris Bennett	<i>Teacher's Pet</i>	Sol Rosen
Arthur Clay	Arthur Clay	William List
<i>Most Obliging Boy</i>	May Smoleroff	<i>Best Girl Worker for Class</i>
Harry Cox	<i>Class Baby</i>	Edna Berlin
Sol Rosen	Anna Geller	May Smoleroff
<i>Most Obliging Girl</i>	<i>Class Vamp</i>	
Marjorie Walsh	Helen Coeyman	
Lillian Urbach	Rose Yanowitz	



THE PIVOT

LISTEN, OH CENTRAL, AND YOU WILL
HEAR

THE RHYMES OF THE MAY CLASS OF
THIS YEAR.

By J. S. Klausner

A stands for August and Altman so fine
And worthy Atheneos and Amsterdam in line.

B stands for Berlin, Braelow and Brady
Also Bennett, Bippart and Burchardt (a young
lady).

C stands for Cook and Coopersmith too
Chivian, Cavanagh and the whole crew.

E stands for Epstein, a very nice maid
Standing alone, yet still unafraid.

F stands for Forman and Freeman and Friend
Finkel and Fisher and those who don't vend.

G Ghee is for Geller, Gesuldi and Gross
Goldis omitted, we'll make her the boss.

H stands for "Heq," Horland and Holmes
Horowitz and Hexamer, who can't make up
poems.

I stands for Isenberg, a middle sized blonde
A very nice girl, of whom we're all fond.

J stands for Johnson and Thelma B. Jones
They are so quiet, they never say bones.

K is for Klausner, Kuchinsky and Katz
Also Rose Kahn and M. Kiell, who never get
rats.

L is for "Landy" Levy and List
The rest of the L's, I just naturally missed.

M is for Minervino, Mazzei and Moore
Malkin alone, I'm sure is no bore.

R stands for Resnick, Rommel and Rosen
Just three of 'em, only a quarter of a dozen.

S stands for Seco, Schlosser, and Shanks
Siniscal, Susskind, and those who wear bangs.

T is for Tomback, Turton and Tisch
Trugman and Traub, catch very good fish.

U is for Urback, so dainty and small
Our only one wish is that she will grow tall.

V is for Voos, the only one V
Her future we hope, will not be on the sea.

W stands for Wiener, Mabel Weiss and Fred Wells
Marj. Walsh is the heroine that rings all the bells.

Y is for Yanowitz, whose first name is Rose
I'll tell you, dear reader, that Rose has no foes.

Z stands for Zickerman, Zweibel, and Zucker
Dear reader, I'll tell you, you are an onlooker.

This ends the verse of beautiful rhymes
Which come to us at the end of times;
Before I, in parting, say all my "good days."
Here's luck to you, future Senior A's!

SENIOR SLAMS

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH	DESTINY
1—Altman, Edythe	Edith	Pest	Husband	Eyes	Drew	Vamped
2—Amsterdam, Amy	Amie	Height	Size 14	Good nature	Overlooked her	Stilts
3—Athencos, John	Nicky	Timidity	Some nerve	Looks	Worked	Greek God
4—August, Lily	Lil	Powder	Explosion	Complexion	Laughed	Who Can Tell?
5—Bennett, Morris	Morry	Dullness	More Pep	Nervousness	Studied	Model for Spaghetti
6—Berlin, Edna	Ed	Reserved	A Beau	Personality	By being good	Somebody's Steno
7—Bippart, Frieda	Frieda	Quietude	Bomb	Dimples	Walked quietly	A Baby Nurse
8—Brady, Augusta	Gusta	Silence	Noise	Her walk	Studied	School Teacher
9—Braelow, Benjamin	Ben	All Wrong	Two weeks detention	Inactiveness	Camouflaged	Prof. Faker
10—Burchardt, Marion	Marion	Modesty	Noise	Slowness	Midnight oil	Teacher
11—Cavanagh, Alice	Allie	Earnestness	Boys	Sweetness	Usual way	Dairy Maid
12—Chivian, Louis	Lou	Running for office	Treasurer	Laugh	He'll never tell	Rudolph Valentino
13—Clay, Arthur	Arty	Shortness	Yeast	Red hair	Teacher's pet	Mason
14—Coeyman, Helen	Coey	Laughing	New One	Bobbed hair	Slept	Desert Island
15—Cohen, Helen	Helen	Good Looks	Opposite sex	Sweet	Crawled	Married Life
16—Cook, Gertrude	Gertie	Worry	Dancing	Goggles	Looked	(?)
17—Cook, Sara	Sara	Typewriting	Shorthand	Walk	Slid	Teacher
18—Coopersmith, Ida	Ida	Shyness	T.N.T.	Braids	Deserved it	Hair Dresser
19—Cox, Harry	Harry	Music	Saxophone	Sleek hair	Played	Organ Grinder
20—Epstein, Pauline	Eppy	No Pep	More Pep	Shyness	Studied	Librarian
21—Finkel, Yetta	Fink	Quietude	Noise	Black hair	Smiled	Music Teacher
22—Finkelstein, Abraham	Abie	Basketball	Hospital	Shyness	Worked	Shoe Salesman
23—Fischer, Morris	Fisch	Glasses	English Prof.	Shrimp	Worked	Mechanic
24—Forman, Jacob	Jack	Bashfulness	C. T.	Smile	Touch down	Bartender
25—Fredericks, Elsie	Red	Hair	Peroxide	Pleasantness	Studied	Old Maid's Home
26—Freeman, Hermina	Herm	Too Shy	Bomb	Argumentative	Consistent	Meet her Match
27—Friend, Dorothy	Dot	Fence climber	208	Hair	Scared the teachers	Steeple Jack
28—Geller, Anna	Annie	Stillness	5 Min. in 317	Friendliness	Unobserved	Window Cleaner
29—Gesuldi, Joseph	Joe	Economics	Electrician	Clothes	Slipped	Bootlegger
30—Ghee, Doris	Gee	Athletics	Instructress	Medals	Worked	Don't Know
31—Goldis, Lillian	Lillie	Height	Stilts	Eyes	Legitimately	Old Maid
32—Gross, Eva	Eva	Blushing	Adam	Hair	Slid	Chaufferette
33—Gross, Eva	Eve	Husband	(?)	Books	Time will tell	Housewife
34—Hequembourg, Jerome	Jerry	Athletics	Doc. Sargeant	Looks	By being good	Errand Boy
35—Hexamer, Fred	Cupid	Lazy	Football	Lisp	Who knows?	Football player
36—Holmes, Gladys	Gladie	Languages	Vacation	Sweaters	Studied	Teacher
37—Hoops, Charles	Hoopy	Curls	Curling iron	Hair	Bluffed	Bricklayer
38—Horland, Ruth	Woof	Boys	Married life	Pleasant smile	Ask Mr. Mumma	Bookkeeper
39—Horowitz, Michael	Mike	Bolshevism	Republican	Looks	Sleep	Ice Cream Cone
40—Isenberg, Edith	Edie	Too many sisters	Brothers	Figure	Few Extra Rounds	Not quite sure
41—Johnson, Charles	Charlie	Silence	More Pep	Thinness	Overlooked	Horse doctor
42—Jones, Thelma	Thelma	French	Miss Undritz	Quietness	Talked	Suffragette

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH	DESTINY
43—Kahn, Rose	Rosie	Sorority	Fraternities	Boys	Chewed the rag	Wife of ? 43
44—Kantor, John	Johnny	Women	Desert Island	Clothes	Worked	Bootlegger 44
45—Katz, Solomon	Sollie	Weight	Daily Dozen	Laugh	Slept	Druggist 45
46—Kiell, Marion	Mary	Shine on the nose	Powder	Pleasantness	Naturally	Saleswoman 46
47—Klausner, Samuel	Sam	Untidiness	Brush	Clothes	Plugged	Digger 47
48—Kuchinsky, Katie	Kate	Musical	Miss Beane	Inactiveness	Sang	Salvation Army Singer 48
49—Landenberger, Henry	Lanky	Beard	Shave	History	Ask Mr. Conovitz	Explorer 49
50—Lasser, Archie	Archie	Dancing	Flappers	Caveman	Flapped	Husband 50
51—Lee, Frances	Francie	Musical	Piano	Cleverness	Studied	Music Teacher 51
52—Lehman, Mollie	Mol	Frankness	Congeniality	Face	Looks	Actress 52
53—Lurie, Julius	Julie	Physics	No homework	Talk	Slipped	Mr. Vogelin No. 2 53
54—Lesser, Leah	Lea	Bossing	A. S.	Fairy tales	Talked	Suffragette 54
55—Levy, Isador	Issy	Musical	Music	Music	Ask Mr. Smith	Musician 55
56—Lieberman, Bessie	Eliza	Sorority	Fraternity	Blue eyes	Side Stepped	Vamp 56
57—List, Wm. Henry, Jr.	Billy	Conceit	Mirror	Name	Favoritism	Arrow Collar Model 57
58—Loebel, Clara	Loeby	Quietness	Blow Out	Pep?	Slow, but sure	Janitress 58
59—Loehnerberg, Ruth	Sis	Avoridupois	Diet	Loveliness	Sincere	Model 59
60—Louis, Gustave	Gusty	Cleverness	Books	Economics	Ask Doc. Schleicker	Waiter 60
61—Malkin, Anna	Annie	Modesty	Stage	Eyes	Slaved	Cash girl 61
62—Mazzei, Agnes	Aggie	English	8	Sweetness	Ask Mr. Herzberg	Graduation 62
63—Minervino, Elvira	Minnie	Seclusion	Gang	Hair Comb	Don't know	(?) 63
64—Moore, Florence	Flor	Giggles	Sterness	Feet	Danced	Pavlova 64
65—Resnick, Rose	Rosie	Bluffer	Truth	Obliging	Teacher's fault	Fortune Teller 65
67—Rosen, Sol	Rosy	Earnestness	S.S.	Neatness	Worked	Jack-of-all-Trades 67
68—Schlosser, Beatrice	Beatie	Nothing	3 spoonsful of ?	Hard work	Don't know	Teacher 68
69—Schutzman, Martha	Sally	Flapperism	Seriousness	Teeth	Acted	Chorus Girl 69
70—Seco, Helen	Helen	School Spirit	Keep it up	Complexion	Pull	Spaghetti Dancer 70
71—Shanks, Anna	Annie	Art	Paint Brush	Hair	Somehow	Artist 71
72—Shienbloom, Sedell	Sed	Hair	Peroxide	Brightness	Slipped	Washwoman 72
73—Siniscal, Arthur	Arty	Muteness	(?)	Red hair	Midnight oil	Rubber heel salesman 73
74—Smoleroff, May	Muriel	Secretary	Secretary of U. S.	Looks	Studied	Reporter for Minute News 74
75—Stefelman, Bertha	Birdie	Laugh	Husband	Figure	Just so	Model 75
76—Straussberg, Edith	Elise	Actress	Mr. Bevans	Golf	Aimed	Golf Champ 76
77—Susskind, Abraham	Abie	Nose	Operation	Pompadour	Luck	Who can tell 77
78—Sussman, Florence	Flora	Vamp	Sedateness	Loveliness	Ask Mr. Conovitz	Three guesses 78
79—Tisch, Gladys	Tischie	Art	Artist	Cuteness	Just	Artist 79
80—Tomback, Ethel	Tommy	Athletics	Gym	Boyishness	Jumped	Gym teacher 80
81—Traub, Anna	Annie	Inactiveness	Physics	Braids	Hard work	Snake charmer 81
82—Trugman, Gertrude	Gertie	Solitude	Who Knows?	Smile	Worked	Stenog 82
83—Turton, George	Georgie	Good Looks	Girls	Good looks	Slid	Husband Of? 83
84—Voos, Louise	Lou	Sweetness	Vinegar	Cyclone	Rushed	North Pole 84
85—Walsh, Marjorie	Marjie	Athletics	Basketball	Stiff Colors	Worked	Nun 85
86—Weiss, Mabel	Mabel	Physics	Biology	Face	Ask Mr. Vogelin	Graduation 86
87—Wells, Fred	Freddie	Brains	College	(?)	Studied Hard	Philosopher 87
88—Wiener, Ida	Ida	Stenography	Graduation	Talk	Typed	Stenographer 88
89—Urbach, Lillian	Lily	Pleasantness	Try and find one	Hair	Smiled	Housekeeper 89
90—Yanowitz, Rose	Rosie	Loudness	Soft Pedal	E. T.	Bluffed	Hair dresser 90
91—Zickerman, Hilda	Hilda	What not	More Pep	I wonder	Legitimately	Carpet beater 91
92—Zucker, Edith	Edie	Geometry	Ask Mr. O'Brien	Smiles	Naturally	Wife of pianist 92
93—Zweibel, Harry	Herschel	Chem	You'd be surprised	Laziness	School spirit?	Glass Blower 93

THE PIVOT

CLASS PROPHECY

By Sol Rosen and Joseph Rosenbloom

I do not know whether the Fates were kind to me or whether they were punishing me by letting me live to 115, but of all my old friends, tombstones were the only reminences. I was a dying parasite among my people and I knew the "inevitable hour" was stealthily drawing near. Age had made me fearless but the thought of death sent an "all but wished for" chill through my bony frame. In deep contemplation of the dreaded future I took to reading works on "Death" in vain hope of driving away fear by knowledge. In course of my reading I came upon "Virgil's Aeneid" and read the above passage. I had just dubiously completed the translation when suddenly there appeared before me my foster-mother, Alma Mater.

Her image manifested itself in a radiant glory, something metaphysical; it inspired me. Without the aid of her lips she spoke thus to me:

"Easy is the path that leads to Hell; grim Pluto's gate stands open day and night; but to retrace one's step and escape to the upper regions, this is a work, this is a task. Some few have affected it. Woods cover all the intervening space, and Cocytus gliding with his black winding flood surrounds it. But if your soul be possessed with so strong a passion to cross the Stygian River then here is the golden twig by means of which it is given to enter the hidden recesses of the earth where you shall have a view of the Stygian groves, realms inaccessible to the living." Saying this she extended her arm and entrusted to me the golden twig.

Lo, the ground beneath my feet began to rumble and a cave opened before me. I eagerly grasped the branch and plunged in. Approaching the river Styx I saw a grim ferryman sitting on the barge. On his chin a load of neglected hair lay, his eyes were flames, his vestments hung from his shoulders by a knot. My mother, who had accompanied me as a guide, explained to me that this boatman was my

former classmate, Jack Forman, who had in real life won so many Olympic championships and was so noted for his strength that he was destined now to row the boat back and forth across the Styx. By prestige of my aural stick I was given passage across the dark channel. After a mere nothingness, for time plays no part in Hades, I set my feet on the terrestrial-like composition which the lower regions are made of. I was afraid to move for lo and behold! the vegetation was all red instead of green (I presume because of the mortal blood which is slowly sapped out of the inhabitants of Hades). I began slowly to learn that everything in this abominable place was directly opposite to what things were in the upper world. Proceeding slowly I advanced and soon came upon an Utopia which had been established in Hades by once humans exclusively by the class of May, 1924, of Central High School, Newark, New Jersey. It was arranged in criss-cross streets with little barrels for habitations. This was because Diogenes or Mr. Schleicher, as he was formerly called, had decreed it thus. The spirits lived in alphabetical order of their names that is, Z first, instead of A and so on backwards. First came Zweibel, or Harry, as I knew him. He, as he told me, after living a successful life as an Expert Accountant of the United States Treasury Department, was hung because he embezzled some funds. With him I proceeded to the other little hovels upon which was prescribed the worldly accomplishments of each individual.

Next in regular order came Edith Zucker, who had astounded the world by living happily with her husband, Isadore Levy. He had his shack next to hers by special privilege of his accomplishments. On the top of Ethel Tomback's cove was inscribed "Ad astra per aspera" for she had been a famous aviatrix. We continued to go on and soon met Rose Yanowitz who I learned, after having lived to become Universal Organizer of her sorority, descended into Hell. Lillian

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Urbach and Ida Wiener occupied the next barrel. They had instigated an ultra suffrage movement and had died victorious. The next habitation had inscribed on it "Fred Wells, Director of Ten Consecutive Olympiads." The next shack was another exception. Julius Lurie and Mabel Weiss, man and wife, who were the combined authors of a five foot shelf of scientific works entitled "The Mastery of Physics" lived in the next. Marjorie Walsh, Louise Voos and Gertrude Trugman, three college chums, had decided to disregard "till death do us part" and after living a crowded life in Central High School studying economic conditions in Hindustan continued to do so down here. George Turton, who I remember was advertising manager for the J. Kantor Furnishing Company, an establishment which furnished Buckingham Palace, White House, Posner's Progress Club and other great palaces and clubs, was the next one I confronted. Anna Traub, who had suffered an untimely death because of her incapability to pass History, was recuperating from her worldly troubles in the following barrel. Gladys Tisch and Hilda Zuckerman had mixed art and athletics together and produced a physical culture magazine which they still published in their cove.

In the next hut, I met Florence Sussman and Abraham Susskind who had married and compromised on their names by being called Mr. and Mrs. Kindman, since Florence demanded the maintenance of her maiden name. Edith Straussberg, who had astounded the upper world with her successful imitation of Sarah Bernhardt was in the next. Beatrice Schlosser lived next door. She had committed suicide because Arthur (Strassburg). As it was necessary to take a sea-Arthur had in conjunction with Dorothy Friend and Sedell Shienbloom, discovered Rougium, a metal unlike the unobtainable Radium and which is gotten from the strands of hair such as that which Arthur had.

May Smoleroff, another suicide, also lived in that region. She, after breaking innumerable hearts, was destined to the same end because Louis Chivian, who had fallen in love and married Helen Coeyman, refused her. Anna May Shanks had changed her barrel into a studio and painted pictures with Helen Seco as a model.

At this point, Harry stopped and assumed a paler aspect than he already had. I looked and saw Martha Schutzman standing there. He told me that she had been his divorced wife in life, but he hadn't been the only victim. There were five in the lot: Gustave Louis, Morris Bennett, Benjamin Braelow and Henry Landenbergen. These mournful ones, though free from crime, had procured death to themselves with their own hand and threw away their lives because Martha had divorced them.

Hermine Freeman, who in life had been one of the world's greatest suffragettes, had now opened a real estate office and rented out barrels to the Utopians.

Further on I saw Sol Rosen, who in the upper world had succeeded as Editor-in-Chief of America's greatest paper and who had remained a bachelor all his life, now in Hades was called King Solomon and, true to his name, had a crowd of women surrounding him.

Of a sudden coming towards me I saw a tall man, straight even in spirit whom I recognized as William List. As soon as he beheld me advancing towards him across the meads, he joyfully stretched out both his hands and these words dropped from his mouth: "O fortunate one, who have not yet tasted of the sorrow of this lower world, where hast thou been all these years?" On inquiring I was told his story.

"On my graduation from Antioch College I was immediately besieged by my friends to run for President of the United States. I accepted and after a great political battle between John Atheneos and myself, I was finally elected. But then my troubles began. I sold my country for gold and made and unmade laws for money."

I was ready to sympathize with him when suddenly I espied Samuel Klausner sitting by his barrel. I went over to him and saw that he was still composing poetry. Although he had written wonderful immortal love verses to Ida Coopersmith he had put an end to his mortal existence. Eva Gross, in life acclaimed the Wonder Typist of the World, was now copying the verses of Sam Klausner. Under her supervision were Elvira Minervino, Clara Loebel and Bertha Stefelman. They were all writing with sticks for typewriters were unknown in this world.

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Directly behind this screen I saw a tall, figure, standing beside a large barrel. Walking over I recognized Marion Burchardt. She greeted me very joyfully for she was having a hard time of her job.

"I was once house-maid to the famous oratress Edythe Altman, and on account of this experience I am now destined to take care of Leah Lesser there," and she pointed to the barrel besides her. I peeped in and heard a voice mumbling: "I must get this!" and then the voice changed its note, "Oh, Mr. Bevins, you don't mean Elise? She is the president of the Senior Class." At once I understood and nodding to Marion I left her.

In another little barrel, shrivelled and bent, sat Jerome Hequembourg, whose team had finally beaten the Passaic Wonder Team after the latter had made one thousand victories. Next to him sat Fred Hexamer, once president of the Posner Progress Club, an exclusive organization of which such famous men as Charles Hoops and Joe Gesuldi were members. He was engaged in a conversation with Charles Johnson and Arthur Clay, the Cicero and Caesar of the Twentieth Century.

In the distance I saw Solomon Katz trying to lift a rock. He was a heavyweight lifter who had lost all his strength because he was broken-hearted over his failure to win Anna Geller's hand from Morris Fischer.

Having completed the walk, we suddenly emerged into a wide, open space where crowds of people could be seen scattered over the area. To my right I saw Bessie Lieberman, that once most beautiful blue-eyed beauty of the earth. She was relating her sad tale to Lily August and Augusta Brady. She told them how she had waited for the right man to come but he had never made his appearance and so she had died of loneliness. Lily and Augusta retaliated with their own stories of how they had both made a success in the movie world, but not with Cupid.

In the center of the square before me a great debate was going on between Michael Horowitz and Kate Kuchinsky on the question, "Resolved, That Men Should Rule the Homes." Among the audience

I discerned Abraham Finkelstein who, upon being questioned, told me that Mike and Kate had married and were always quarreling.

At this point Harry Zweibel left me to see Mollie Lehman, his last wife on earth who had made a great success as dean of Vassar.

To the left of me Alice Cavanagh, one of the greatest teachers of her time, was conducting a class of drama and play. In her class were Ruth Loehner, Marion Kiell, Rose Resnick, Pauline Epstein and Elsie Fredericks. These women had all been teachers of some sort and their love for knowledge continued to flourish even here.

At the far side of the square was a huge, raised platform upon which were seated Edith Isenberg, Edna Berlin and Eva Gross, who had been acclaimed the most beautiful women of the land. They had made a world-wide reputation by defiling the maxim, "Every Jill Has Her Jack," and had remained single and untainted. This was indeed a great surprise, but when I discovered Rose Kahn and Lillian Goldis, the two who had adopted the oath of Vesta, I had all I could do to resist from falling. Before them and for their amusement were dancing Archie Lasser, one time famous buck-dancer, and Florence Moore, called the Pavlowa of her age. Frances Lee, the great pianist, was supplying the music.

All this while I was being accompanied by my foster mother, not in body but in spirit. At this point she bade me perform a few duties before entering upon the next hall. I sprinkled my body with fresh water as I was told and, after performing the offerings to the goddess, I came at length to a new region. Here I beheld different groups on the left and right feasting upon the grass and singing the joyful paean to Apollo. Here was a band of pious nuns, who preserved themselves pure and holy while life remained, and here those who by their worthy deeds made other remember. Among the first groups, Agnes Mazzei and Thelma Jones stood out above the others and in the second Frieda Bippart, Helen Cohen and Yetta Finkel. All these had their temples crowned with snow-white fillets.

Meanwhile in a retired vale, I saw unnumbered tribes of ghosts fluttering around; as in a meadow on

THE PIVOT

a serene summer's day, when the bees sit on the various blossoms and swarm around the white lilies, humming with their buzzing noise. I waited until they were permitted to stop and then I recognized Anna Malkin, Amy Amsterdam and Ruth Horland. These three had never enjoyed dancing on earth and now here in Hades they must continue dancing forever, only stopping to rest once in a while.

All this was happening in an instant when suddenly behind me I heard a wail. It startled me and irrationally I looked back. It was Harry Cox's Saxocarflute, an instrument which had won him much fame as a radio broadcaster. Suddenly I felt the back tide; I was being pulled back slowly. Slow enough to just about discern the faces of Doris Ghee, Sara Cooke and Gladys Holmes. I knew I was being returned to earth and, in a squeaky faint appeal I tried to attract their attention in vain attempt to have them help me; but, too late, the ferryman intervened and, placing a steady hand on my shoulder, pulled me back, hurling me into Oblivion. As he did so, I felt dear Earth in a short time but, knowing Time would spare me no longer and wishing to join my friends, I wrote this account and——

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The writer of the above account was found dead with this manuscript carefully arranged. Why he did not finish it is not known but it is believed the monotony of writing so long an article sucked the last drop of blood from his body.*

The End.

CONSPICUITIES

Edna Berlin's Sweetness.
Martha Schutzman's Wit.
Gladys Tisch's Babyness.
Rose Yanowitz's Smile.
Alice Cavanagh's Silence.
Florence Moore's Noisiness.
Sol Rosen's Activeness.
Edith Isenberg's Prettiness.
Frieda Bippart's Knowledge.
Rose Resnick's Many Good Points.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Altman—Derived from German—Old Man.
Amsterdam—City of Holland.
Atheneos—An Athenian.
August—Dog Days.
Bennett—A performer of the functions of exorcists.
Berlin—A city in Germany.
Bippart—Two parts.
Clay—A piece of earth.
Cohen—One of the tribes of the Hebrews (A geometrical figure).
Cook(e)—A preparer of food.
Coopersmith—A barrel maker.
Forman—Head man.
Freeman—One who has life, liberty and happiness.
Friend—A friend.
Gross—Large.
Hexamer—One who draws a line of 6 feet.
Holmes—Evergreen Oaks.
Hoops—Parts of a barrel.
Isenberg—Iron Mountain.
Klausner—Hermit?
Lee—Side opposite the Wind!!
Levy—A Tribe of Israel.
Lieberman—A dear man.
Malkin(e)—Bad cow.
Rosen—Rose.
Schlosser—Locker.
Shienbloom—Nice flower.
Sussman—Horseman.
Tisch—Table.
Traub—Grape.
Weiss—White.
Urbach—City clock.
Zuckerman—Sugarman.
Zucker—Sugar.
Zweibel—Onions.

Farewell

Class of May 1924

EXCHANGE

NOTES

The exchange column has always been a side issue in the school papers. True enough, no student is interested in what we say of other high school papers but what about those whom we comment upon? By our advice they prosper; every knock is a boost; every compliment an incentive for further success. The exchange column serves as a bond between school periodicals in every part of the United States; it brings about an undefinable bond of fellowship among the youthful and aspiring editors, authors and poets. That is why the PIVOT has dedicated a corner of its publication to this praise-deserving department.

The Continuation News, Boys' Continuation School, Newark, N. J. Your publication ought to be of vast interest to our technical and business students, though it was marred by the poor cartoons. Try better next time.

Yale Alumni Weekly, New Haven, Conn.—Your weekly is exceedingly well arranged. It has a touch of refinement uncommon in most papers.

Fratch, Newark Technical School, Newark, N. J.—Your edition is extremely educational and humorous. Not to boast, we think your nearness to Central High School must have some effect on your good work.

Said And Done, Muskegon High and Hackley Manual Training School, Muskegon, Mich.—Your exchange is included in our list of excellents. You have good jokes, cartoons, and very clever departments.

The Palmer, Palmer High School, Palmer, Mass.—We think a few cuts would improve your fine publication. Your good Sports Department stands out prominently. The "Wandering Spirit" is excellent.

Acropolis, Barringer High, Newark, N. J.—Your Valentine issue is a monument to the Freshmen. It shows you have a lot of good material in your "Freshies." Use it!

Colgate Maroon, Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.—More literature wouldn't hurt your well arranged paper.

Optimist, South Side, Newark, N. J.—Your publication has witch craft in it. Once we begin we always finish your excellent paper. As for your exchanges, we'll say ditto to what others quote. "It's good."

Advance, Salem High, Salem, Mass.—Excellent and unique exchanges. Some good cuts would improve your paper. Let's hear from you again.

Monad, Belleville High, Belleville, N. J.—"Good things come in small packages." You have a novel exchange department. Where are your cuts?

Blair Breeze, Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J.—You have an attractive paper. Snappy sports, but where is your literary department? We think some stories would improve your paper.

THE PIVOT

Rensselaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.—A fine paper. Keep it up.

—::—

Red and Black, Hillsborough High, Tampa, Fla.—You have attained your aim. Keep it up. Try to become the best in the country.

—::—

Chronicle, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—A dandy little paper with fine jokes and an excellent literary department. Great stuff! Chronicle, don't weaken.

—::—

Chatham Chatter, Chatham High School, Chatham, N. J.—We think your stories are very good but would advise a little variation, not all the "creepy kind." We envy your Alumni Notes.

—::—

Cleveland Alternate, Cleveland Jr. High, Newark, N. J.—A well proportioned publication in which a few cuts would add to the appearance. We think it is exceedingly good for a primary school.

—::—

Weekly Aegis, Oakland High School, Oakland, Calif.—We take our hats off to you. You are one of the best weeklies in the country. You might lengthen your Literary Department.

—::—

Targum, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.—Your "Targum drops" has our envy. This and other good departments go to make up your good editions.

—::—

Maury Jester, Maury High School, Norfolk, Va.—Your cuts are indeed attractive. Credit is due you for your incomparable product.

—::—

Heights High Herald, Muskegon Heights High, Muskegon, Mich.—Your cover design is unique. A fine paper cleverly arranged with excellent stories and sports. Come again.

—::—

Cedar Chest, Toms River High, Toms River, N. J.—Your last edition had some very good stories and jokes. You have rising poets in your school. Give them your co-operation.

—::—

Orange Peals, Orange High School, Orange, Mass.—Your paper shows individual hard work of a

few but the lack of co-operation on the part of the entire staff. Get them together and you'll make a better success of your good paper.

—::—

Canary and Blue, Allentown High, Allentown, Pa.—To you goes first place in our large list of "perfections." Every department in your publication is a magazine in itself. How do you do it?

—::—

Kayrix, St. Benedict's Prep., Newark, N. J.—In as much as you are Latin scholars we think this typifies you, "Cum grano salis."

—::—

Prepster, Newark Preparatory School, Newark, N. J.—Your neat little edition is a compliment to your institution. We like your exchange department. Come again.

—::—

Reflector, Clifton High School, Clifton, N. J.—Your good paper is marred by a few poor cartoons. Try to get the best only; otherwise your publication is an A-1 edition.

—::—

Kansas Industrialist, Kansas State Agriculture College, Manhattan, Kan.—Your paper is extremely educational. We envy your editorials. Why not try some literature? Call again.

—::—

Joliet Township High School Bulletin, Joliet, Ill.—We think your little paper has too much statistics and facts to be interesting. Try a little variation.

—::—

Oredigger, Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Col.—We think a more extensive literary department would improve your paper.

—::—

School Days, Beverly Public School, Beverly, N. J.—As a primary public school publication you are not proportioned correctly. You have too much advertising in comparison with your material. Add a couple of pages of literature.

—::—

Curtis Monthly, Curtis High School, Staten Island, N. Y.—"Excelsior!" "Onward and upward." It seems as if at every issue your work improved until you have all but reached the peak of success. Don't falter.

THE PIVOT

NIBBLES FROM OUR EXCHANGES

AMONG THE FRESHIES

Harold Stong—"What is the difference between the sun and the moon?"

Carol Johnson—"The sun's bigger and healthier looking than the moon, because it goes to bed earlier."

—Said and Done.

—::—

CONCEITED

Miss Littlefield—Who can name one important thing we have now, but which we did not have one hundred years ago?

Stanley Johnson—Me.

—Said and Done.

—::—

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity."

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

—The Canary and Blue.

—::—

THINGS NEVER HEARD OF

A sheet from the bed of a river.

A toe from the foot of a mountain.

A page from the volume of steam.

A wink from the eye of a needle.

A feather from the wing of an army.

A hair from the head of a hammer.

A bite from the teeth of a saw.

A check drawn on a sand bank.

Threading a pine needle.

Changing the sheets on the bed of the ocean.

Traffic officers on the road to success.

Getting hit by the mouth of a river.

Artillery officers in the Salvation Army.

—Exchange.

"Hate food."

"Why?"

"Spoils my appetite."

—Canary and Blue.

—::—

LATIN LAMENTATION

Cicero is very nice,,

Ovid is much better,

But when you master Virgil

You deserve a first team letter.

—Reflector.

—::—

CORRECT THIS SENTENCE

"Mother, I insist that you rest," said the flapper, "while I wash the dishes."

—M. F. Prepster.

—::—

SCANDAL

There were muffled sounds of a struggle in the other room and a girl's voice squealed, "Stop."

No response.

"Oh, please don't. Mother said——"

No response.

"Oh, wait just a minute, please."

No response.

"Let me go this minute."

"One more yank and I'll have it out," consoled the dentist—Sour Owl.

OUR BASKETBALL TEAM



Top Row—Reading left to right—Charles Eagan, ssist. mgr.; Alfred Frankle, forward; Louis Asarnow, center; Jerome E. Hequembourg, manager.

Front Row—Reading left to right—Emanuel Rosen, guard; Moe Zimetbaum, forward; Capt. Hyman Sward, forward; Sidney Pearl, forward; Rudolph Lang, guard; Mitchel Wienckiewicz, center; and John Nattrass, guard do not appear in picture.

Through the able coaching of "Doc" Sargeant and the combined efforts of the above boys, Central High's Basketball team passed through a very successful season. Due credit should also be given to those faithful supporters, who attended many of the games. Next years' team will be minus the support

of "Manny" Rosen, who has been placed on the First Mythical State Five; but it is expected that there will be several contenders for his vacated position. Accounts of the Basketball Team's "Battles" are given in this issue.

BASKETBALL

Playing on a strange court our basketballers humbled the Plainfield tossers by a score of 44—34. Our Captain displayed good basketball playing and was given full support by the rest of the team. "Mitch," our husky centre, showed his ability to toss baskets by leading the others in making points. This defeat for Plainfield was unexpected as they had not lost a single game until they played Central.

Our Basketball Team went to Jersey City on January 30th to play Dickinson. The game went nip and tuck for some time for Central displayed a superior knowledge of basketball until the last few minutes of the game. Then Dickinson showed herself a better opponent than was expected and with a marvelous rally came out the winner. The score at the final blowing of the whistle was 32—28.

The next in line was Glen Ridge. These boys had already defeated Asbury Park and were looking forward to another victory. It was too bad for them that they had to suffer a big disappointment because with Sward's fifteen points, Wienskiwicz's fourteen, Zimetbaum's nine and Lang's six, the score turned out to be 44-12. Tough luck for Glen Ridge.

February 8th our boys played Montclair on the suburban court and defeated them for the second time this season. It proved an exciting game as both teams played fine basketball. With such strong teams as Montclair and our other opponents, the schedule for the season was far from easy.

Asbury Park always turns out an excellent basketball team. This year's team was no exception. They came to Newark and played fine basketball, leading at the end of the first half by two points. Rallying in the final half, our team changed the score in such a way that when the whistle blew for the end of the game, the scoreboard read Central 20—Visitors 17. With the team's support, Sward and Wienskiwicz led in points; Gallagher for the visitors.

Our BIGGEST game of the year had to be held in the Armory in order to hold the five thousand spectators. The leading lady at Loew's made a terrible mistake in predicting that Benedicts would defeat Central. But our team did not like the idea, so they made her hide her face in shame. The publicity she received was probably what she was looking for, but it put a crimp in the idea that people can tell what is going to happen in the future. Doubtless many people thought that the prediction would turn out correct, but after witnessing that memorable game, many of us wondered just where that idea came from. "Mite Central Players Topple Benedicts For City Crown." That was what appeared in the newspapers the following day. True enough it was, for the score turned out to be 40-30. The lead was obtained by our boys in the start and was held throughout the entire game. Every player on the team played as one. There was no effort for personal glory and the results furnished a game that everyone in that big Drill Shed will never forget as long as they live.

THE PIVOT

The score:

CENTRAL

	G.	F.	P.
Sward, F.	7	1	15
Zimetbaum, F.	6	2	14
Wienskiewitz, C.	3	1	7
Rosen, G.	0	1	1
Lang, G.	0	2	2
Nattress, G.	0	1	1
	—	—	—
	16	8	40

ST. BENEDICTS

	G.	F.	P.
Purcell, F.	4	7	15
Jackson, F.	2	1	5
Feaster, C.	0	1	1
Neilan, G.	3	0	6
Diebold, G.	1	1	3
	—	—	—
	10	10	30

Showing championship form, the team defeated Columbia High, better known as South Orange High, on February 27th, at the opponent's court. "Comet" Zimetbaum was high man with Rosen and Sward close behind, as far as points were concerned, but the game could not have been won without the full support and united efforts of the entire team. Bowen, a forward on Columbia's team, played an excellent game and deserves credit, as well as the center who played opposite our "Mitch." The score, 33-23.

On February 29th the team travelled to Milburn and played the first team that was near their own size. It was a game between midgets. The result was a 47-21 win for Central. More credit to you, boys. You deserved to have opportunity of playing Hoboken instead of what was considered a less formidable team.

Our home game with Union Hill proved a big surprise and turned out to be a rather unpleasant one for all parties concerned. The least said about this game the better, so we will finish the report by informing those who were not there that the game was forfeited to Central at a 2-0 score.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS

In a very closely contested game, Central came out the winner in the elimination contest for the State Championship Basketball Contest. South Orange was the opponent which gave our boys such a scare at the last minute of playing that we almost lost our chance to play the "Wonder Team" for the semi-finals. The score was 21-20.

Passaic received such a big surprise when they played Central that our boys came closer to defeating them than almost all of the one hundred and forty-odd teams they have played in the last three years. What a big and hearty applause our boys received when the results were reported as Passaic 41, Central 34. Only eight points shy of the Championship Finals and possibly the United States Championship. Passaic would not have been able to go back out of the foreground and remain in good standing providing—we had made four more baskets.

A very good basketball season, Boys. Congratulations.

BASKETBALL SEASON RESULTS

Central	Opponents
31	Alumni 24
20	Montclair 10
9	Union Hill 19
25	Battin 29
28	Dickinson 32
44	Plainfield 34
44	Glen Ridge 12
20	Montclair 15
20	Asbury Park 17
14	Glen Ridge 31
40	St. Benedicts 30
33	So. Orange 23
47	Milburn 21
2	Union Hill 0
377	297

TOURNAMENT

21	So. Orange	20
34	Passaic	41
—		—
55		61

THE PIVOT

The following varsity men received letters: Capt. Hyman Sward, Rudolph Lang, Mitch Wienshiwitz, Morton Zimetbaum, Emanuel Rosen, Sydney Pearl and John Nattress.

OUR TRACK TEAM

Coach Schneider has proved his ability not only in producing excellent football teams, but also his results in coaching the Track Team again remind us of his efficiency in that line. Our relay team has won the National High School Championship for this year and we can well be proud of it. "Mickey" Harris is the State Hurdling Champion and "Bill" Mulligan has given many champions a hard battle for first place in the 880 yard run. We have been well represented at all of the track meets and in several instances have been a close contender for first place.

TRACK MEETS

Erasmus High's runners defeated a score of the best schoolboy teams in New Jersey on February 22nd, at the Dickinson High School's Annual Athletic Meet. Benedict's harriers followed the leader and Central was fourth in line, on the point score. "Mickey" Harris was unfortunately tripped when he started off on his tour of the Armory in the One-Mile Relay and this resulted in the "Now National Champs" coming in fourth, "Bill" Mulligan ran very well in the 880 yard race and finished third in line. We have a future champion in Carson, who is a great deal younger than the rest of the competitors who ran against him in the mile run. He came in fourth and ran very well for a youngster.

The State meet on March 1st proved another jinx as far as our High Street Rivals and we are concerned. Benedicts—37; Central—16. That was the point score when the meet was finished. Still "Mickey" Harris broke his own record for the hurdles; Watts was second in the 440-yd. run, and Jockers, Cohen and Kirshman helped to add to the points by placing in their respective events.

The last meet of the season is the biggest meet of all! Run under the auspices of Central High

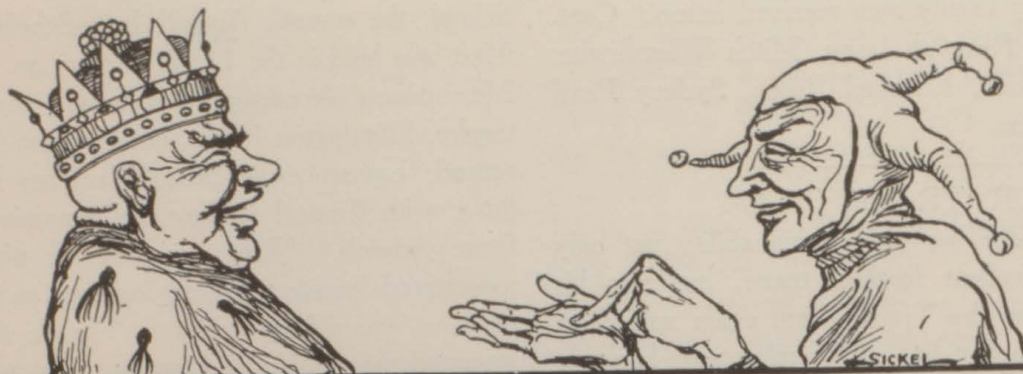
School, the seventh Annual Inter-Scholastic Athletic Meet was held in the 113th Armory on March 15th. Mercersburg Academy, (as usual) took the point trophy, Huntington High School (from Boston) was second; Lawrenceville School (another Prep.) came third, with Central leading the remaining High and Prep. Schools. With many of the big "A. C.s" represented, beside numerous colleges and universities, the meet was a huge success. The A. A. U. events attracted many World Champs, thus adding to the interest which is always predominant at the National Interscholastic Meet.

The Central High School relay team thrilled the spectators by copping the one-mile interscholastic relay championship. Many people claim that "Bill" Mulligan ran the greatest race of his life in that one-mile relay. "Mickey" Harris scored third place in the 70 yd. High Hurdles, living up to his good record made at the previous meets.

OUR BASEBALL TEAM

The time of the year for the "National Sport" has at last come around and the students are looking forward to a big season in baseball. Captain Dilly and the remaining veterans of last year came out for Spring training and report that "Woops" Botnick is as good as ever. Still, the students did not flock to the call as well as they have done in previous years and "Doc" Sargeant is looking for a little reserve material. Who will answer the call?





PIVOTICKLES

Teacher—(In History)—What was the name of the man who rode through Philadelphia on a horse.

Johnny—I don't know. But I know the name of the horse.

Teacher—What was it?

Johnny—Spark Plug.

Pauline Epstein—What's good for sore lips.

Clara Loebel—Eat onions; it will keep the chaps off.

Music Instructor—What is your occupation?

Applicant—I used to be an organist.

Instructor—And why did you give it up?

Applicant—The monkey died.

Wife—(Departing from a car, after shopping all afternoon with her husband). Have we left anything dear?

Husband—You mean, have we anything left?

Kantor—I know a fellow who ate beef all his life and grew strong as an ox.

Rosen—That's nothing. I know a man who ate fish all his life and couldn't swim a stroke.

Hequembourg—Hello, Sol. What are you doing walking around at this time of the night?

Rosen—I'm just taking the air.

Hequembourg—Doctor's orders?

Rosen—No, girl I just proposed to.

Katz—I say, my girl is getting stingy.

Clay—Why so?

Katz—I asked her for a bushel of kisses.

Clay—Yes?

Katz—And all she gave me was a peck.

Siniscal—She told me her idea of life was a home.

Rommel—What did you do?

Siniscal—I walked out of her life.

Rose Cataldo—What is your financial standing?

Harry Cox—Same as your bobbed hair.

Rose Cataldo—What do you mean, short?

Dr. Schleicher—Give me an example of Natural Monopoly.

Mollie Lehman—Edith Isenberg's family.

Won Bee—My math. teacher has lost his job.

Sophomore—No, really?

Won Bee—Yep, he isn't my math. teacher any more.

Dr. Schleicher—Can any person in this class tell me what steel wool is?

Mollie Lehman—Sure! Steel wool is shearings from hydraulic rams.

Clara Loebel—(heard in study)—Give me a ruler.

Rose Cataldo—King Henry IV.

THE PIVOT

Faith—The young man who sends flowers to a girl who has broken a date on account of illness.

Hope—The man who calls a girl for a date at eight o'clock Saturday evening.

Charity—The girl who suggests they go to the movies.

1st Man—Why did you take that pearl necklace from the jeweler's shop window?

2nd Man—Because it had on it, "Avail yourself of this splendid opportunity" and I couldn't resist.

Lily August—What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?

Klausner—Why the law of gravity, of course.

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" demanded Edith's mother.

"Oh! We were discussing our kith and kin," replied Edith.

"Yeth, you wath," interrupted Edith's little brother, "Mr. Smith asked for a kith, and you said he kin."

Teacher—What are the three important Greek orders?

Hoops—Cups skuffy, roas bif sanwitch, and peas coconut pie.

Rose Yanowitz—What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Ethel Tomback—Get a shine.

Teacher—What is the difference between, "I shall hire a taxi—and "I have hired a taxi?"

Atheneos—About six dollars and a half.

Teacher—Fools sometimes ask questions wise men cannot answer.

Isenberg—Now I see why I flunked my exams.

Bill List—Say, Turton, what is a smash up?

Turton—A smash up is what happens when a woman drives a car.

Officer—Where are you going?

Drunkard—Sh, offisher, don't tell me. Let me guess.

So Bill married her, eh? Well, I'm not surprised; he used to say she was his aspiration. Now she's his ex.

What, his ex-wife?

No, his exasperation.

Zweibel—That's a bully overcoat! Where did you get it?

Cox—At the Cadillac.

Zweibel—Tailor or Restaurant?

First 1C—Aw, shut up!

Second 1C—You're the biggest idiot in the school.

Teacher—(angrily)—Girls, don't forget I'm here.

Teacher—How do you address the Secretary of the Navy.

Marian Kiell—Your Warship, of course.

Forman—That's a good tie I have on.

Cox—Who gave it to you?

Helen Coeyman—If you don't quit looking in that mirror you'll get conceited.

E. Isenberg—Don't worry. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am!

Helen Seco—What time is it?

Edna Berlin—I haven't the faintest idea.

Helen Seco—Yes, I know, but what time is it?

Chivian—I thought you went to the fight.

Zweibel—I did, but it was called off because the contestants quarreled.

Papa—I'm sorry, my boy, but I only punish you because I love you.

Son — I'm s-sorry Dad, that I'm n-not b-big enough to return your l-love.

Leah Lesser—How many servants do they keep?

Hermine Freeman—Oh, about one in twelve.

Landenberger—How is it that Morris never takes you to the theatre anymore?

Wiener—Well, you see—one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor.

THE PIVOT

Ethel Tomback—Polly turned down the young doctor that's been rushing her.

B. Lieberman—Well, what of it?

E. Tomback—And now he's sent her a bill for eighty-seven visits.

Teacher—Name the four seasons.

One Cee—Can't do it teacher. Don't know how to play Mah Jong.

ADVICE TO SENIORS

Count Ten Before—

Waltzing in a rowboat with your two hundred pound sweetheart.

Using a bag of eggs as a punching bag while doing your daily dozen.

Wearing grandfather's dress suit to a formal ball.

Telling your boss that it's an old one when he springs his daily joke.

Pupil Reciting—The Monarch Butterfly migrates to the South in the Winter.

Turton—I'm goin' South.

List—Palm Beach.

Mulligan—Big Shots?

Miss Osborne—Ha! Ha!

A proud mother wanted her friend to know how well her son was getting along in high school. She called him in and said, "Say how-de do to the lady in Algebra, Homer."

Mrs. Newlywed—This is a sample of my cooking. What do you think of it?

Mr. Newlywed—I call it mediocre.

Mrs. Newlywed—No dear, it's tapioca.

Robert—Papa, what are diplomatic relations?

Papa—Ask your mother, Robert, some of hers were, before I married her.

Dr. Smith—To a noisy class.—When a good man goes wrong he goes with a bang. I feel myself slipping.

Riding Master—Remember to rise with the trot.

Lillian Uurback—I don't have to remember it. The horse is attending to that for me.

Mrs. Newlywed—I-I-think-I'm sure, I hear a burglar downstairs.

Mr. Ditto—Well, you get up and go down, dear. No burglar would strike a woman.

Mollie Lehman—I had a birthday party and I invited one member for each year.

Rose Rettig—Gee! You must have had quite a large crowd.

Mr. Arnao—(in Spanish)—We will have a test tomorrow.

Class—(in an uproar)—What on?

Mr. Arnao—On paper.

Landenberger—(as the canoe rocks)—Don't be afraid—we're only ten feet from land.

R. Resnick—(looking around)—Where is it?

Landenberger—Underneath us.

Several slender, slippery, sleek Sheiks seized slim, slinking, shivering Shebas, sensuously swaying, sinuously shimmying, since six sobbing saxophones synco-pated seductive strains suggestively.

E. Tomback—What is the similarity between a Verb and Teeth?

R. Yanowitz—I don't know.

E. Tomback—They are both Regular, Irregular and Defective.

M. Pfeiffer's father looking on report card.—I see you are at the bottom of the class this month.

Sheik Pfeiffer—I know Pop, Zweibel was absent all last month.

Botnick—Smoking a cigar.

Kolby—Gosh, Woops. I smell feathers burning.

Botnick—(Sniffing around)—Quite strange, Oh! I am smoking a White Owl.

BRANFORD THEATRE

"America's Finest Cinema Palace"

2 Entrances—Branford Place at Broad and Market Sts.

A Success==

because of the clean, wholesome Photoplays; unequalled Music by the Branford Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Jacob Rittenband; the Mammoth Organ with Warren Yates at the console; unparalleled Lighting Effects; distinctive, descriptive Prologues; world-famed Soloists; courteous Employees; altogether a standard of Entertainment emphasizing Quality instead of Quantity.

The following stars will soon appear at the BRANFORD in their latest productions: Norma Talmadge, Poli Negri, Charles Ray, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Phillips, Miriam Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven, Charles Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, Mae Marsh.

OPEN DAILY FROM NOON TILL 11 P. M.
SUNDAYS 1 P. M. TILL 11 P. M.

MATINEES		EVENINGS	
Orchestra	30c	Orchestra and Front Balcony.....	50c
Balcony	20c	Rear Balcony	30c
Reserved Loges		75c	
SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS			
Orchestra and Front Balcony.....		60c	
Rear Balcony		40c	
Reserved Loges		99c	

SYMPTOMS

When you begin reading the letter over twice or thrice or more—

And studying even the envelope and postmark—

And gazing long at the opening and closing in search of some deeply hidden meaning—

And admiring the handwriting and the stationery—

And smiling a dreamy smile as you read—

You're gone, my boy, you're gone!

(Continued from page 11)

Raoul shuttered. They were very strict about such things. Then, he thought of Roxie, of his red rose. Ah! for a sight of her. It was worth anything. Just then a cannon thundered and Raoul quickly dug beneath the bed covers. What was the matter with him? Of late the sound and din of war made of him a coward.

So the days flew. Raoul grew better but his fear of war was not conquered. It seemed to grow worse. Finally, he could endure it no longer. A wild idea had seized him. He would desert! Desert—the words seemed to burn him up with a fiery sting. How it mocked him. It tortured his soul, Desert—no—he could not. But as time passed, his fear became pitiful to behold. God! How it wrecked his nerves!

Then one night, half crazed, he disappeared. Astride a fast horse, he galloped away. Away from war and desolation to his little Roxie and peace. But a scant two hours after his departure, his desertion was discovered and troop of soldiers thundered out in pursuit. There seemed but one place where it was likely he would go. This was to the home of his betrothed. Away they rode, hard and fast into the night.

Raoul was now drinking in the pure air as his horse sped along the dusty highway. Ah! this was living. Soon lights began to twinkle in the distance and Raoul knew that in a few minutes Roxie—his Roxie, would be tight in his arms. With a thunder of hoofs, he reined in his horse in front of her house, sprang from its back and burst in. He stopped short, for there he saw Roxie praying tearfully to the Healer of Wounds. However, she turned around and as her gaze fell on Raoul, her eyes brightened

and in a moment she nestled close in his arms. Passionately he kissed her hands and lips and neck. Then they wandered out to the garden. It was cool there and peaceful. At once a terrible cannonade began in the area of strife and Raoul, hearing this, became distraught.

"It is nothing, beloved," he said jerkily, "I am merely nervous." So the minutes sped by. Suddenly Roxie pointed to the distant slope. There a troop of soldiers were seen riding hard amidst swirling dust. Raoul sprang up. "It's the soldiers," he cried. "They are after me."

"After you," answered Roxie, puzzled. "Why?"

Raoul bowed low and hysterically burst forth, "I am a deserter. God help me."

Roxie's heart sank, but leading the crushed Raoul into the house, she awaited the coming of the horsemen.

Meanwhile she had hidden Raoul in the linen closet. Finally the horsemen drew up before the house and two entered.

"Your betrothed, Raoul Lenisse, has deserted," spoke one, abruptly. "Have you seen him?"

"No," answered Roxie. "You can see for yourselves, Messieurs." They searched the house, but could find nothing. At length, as they were about to leave one saw the closet and respectfully took a few steps toward it. Roxie stayed him with an imperative motion of her hand.

"There is nothing of consequence there," she said coldly.

"Mme. must allow me to see for myself," politely answered the sergeant.

"Wait," commanded Roxie and with this she drew forth a revolver. Once she fired into the closet, twice and three times.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked bitterly. He nodded and went out. Then as Roxie opened the door, the dead body of Raoul Lenisse rolled out, good-looking even in death.

"Raoul, my beloved," she mourned, "I have saved you from a deserter's fate. God save me!"

Then another shot rang out. Roxie had gone to join Raoul. But the drums of vengeance still rolled on.

FINIS

THE PIVOT

REINCARNATIONS

* * * * *

John Paul Jones as captain of a ferry boat.
* * * * *

Castor and Pollux as the Siamese twins.
* * * * *

Samson as a truck driver.
* * * * *

The village blacksmith as the garage repair man.
* * * * *

Robin Hood as a hold-up man.
* * * * *

Cicero as a soap-box orator.
* * * * *

Mercury as a messenger boy.
* * * * *

Napoleon as a traffic cop.
* * * * *

Adam tending an apple cart.

Mother—That young man that you are going with is a bad egg.

Rose—I know he is. That's the reason that I'm afraid to drop him.

—o—

B. Lieberman—It's only six o'clock and I told you to come after supper.

Klausner—That's what I came after.

—o—

Eva Gross—I took a quiz this morning.

Ethel Tomback—Well, what about it?

Eva Gross—I found out that what you don't know won't hurt you—doesn't work at all times.

—o—

Snowball—Ah! Just done heard dat dey found de bones of a prehistoric.

Sunshine—Fo' hebens sake ah didn't know dey was gamblin men in dose days.

G. Holmes—I thought you said you wouldn't cut any more.

STORES: Newark, Elizabeth, Passaic, Paterson

Headquarters for Smart Collegiate Suits

Including Extra pair of
Trousers to match, long
or knickers

\$30

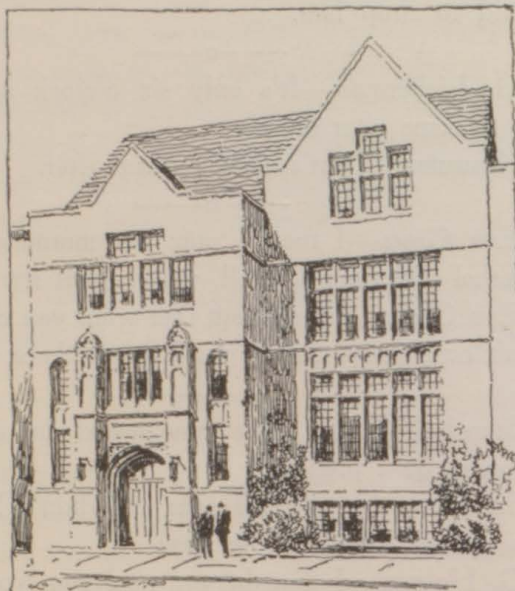
Absolutely the best value at this price in Newark. Cut in the typical "English" style, with wide trouser bottoms. Specially tailored for youthful figures. Big variety of fetching patterns. Let us show them to you.

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FAINT HEARTS

Once there was a
Young fellow
Who went to take
His girl
To the
Theater.
She was ready when
He came.
And he was so
Surprised
That he went and
Fainted.
So they were
Late
Anyway.

(Continued from Page 19)

and dictaphone departments, and others, varying with the kind of business. In fact, many women hold responsible positions in accounting, advertising, purchasing and sales departments.

Having chosen the kind of work to be pursued, or having decided to start at the bottom and allow time and circumstances to offer opportunities, it now becomes a question of choosing the business where you will seek employment.

Ordinarily it is wise to stay as near home as possible, assuming that there are both large and small business firms in your locality. The reasons should be obvious; for while the salaries paid are almost invariably smaller than in New York, it should be remembered that the only thing that counts, aside from experience gained, is what is left to go into the savings bank at the end of the month, or the semi-monthly pay period. Commutation, lunches, and all the other things involved in working at a distance from home must be considered; to say nothing of the wear and tear on clothes, health, and disposition that comes from spending two or more hours daily in travel to and from business.

The next question that arises is whether it is better to start with a small firm or a large one; and there are arguments for and against both. The small firm usually pays more, during the first two or three years, but the large firm offers the great variety of opportunities that exist only in large organizations, and as stated, one should have his eye, so to speak, on the goal to be attained ten years hence, rather than on the immediate present.

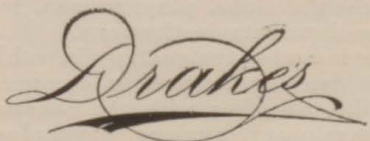
The large firm usually offers better working conditions (light, heat, fresh air, floor space, employees benefit clubs, social activities, and general supervision) regular hours, and a standard salary schedule with personal classification, insuring equitable treatment for all, worked out on a scientific basis.

Having decided to seek employment within easy distance of your home, the next thing to do is catalog the names of the places where you think you would like to work, and make a systematic canvass of them all not necessarily accepting the first position offered you, but seeking to find something with the one that seems to you to offer the greatest possibilities. Remember that you are selling your services, and while they may not be very valuable in dollars and cents

SEVENTEEN POWERFUL SCHOOLS

My Name Is Gray!

That means nothing to the business man who wishes office help, but if you say "My name is Gray and I am a Drake graduate"—that does mean something to most employers. It's an introduction—a recommendation to a position. Drakes can do more for you in a given short time than any other Secretarial or Accountancy Schools.



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380 GEORGE ST., NEW BRUNSWICK

Other Drake Schools in New York, Brooklyn,
Union Hill, Bayonne and Jersey City

THE PIVOT

to the employer, when compared with those rendered by his older employees, nevertheless, those services represent your entire capital and in agreeing to sell them you want a quid pro quo.

Find out what the working conditions are—you can get a very good idea from the employees already on the staff; find out what the policy is with respect to promotions; do they go outside the organization when there is an important position to be filled, or is it filled by promotion? If the latter is the rule, then that is a place where you can afford to spend a few years without worrying about the future, provided you do your work faithfully and improve every opportunity to learn not only your own work but that of the position next above you, for invariably in such a firm the future will take care of itself, and while the first few years may not bring meteoric advances for you, they will be a firm foundation on which to build your career.

In applying for work, do not cringe, shamle into the office, and mumble some incoherent inquiry such as: "You don't need any help today, do you?" Rather, walk in with your head up and your manner that of one who is not ashamed, and state that you are seeking employment. If the interviewer gives you an opportunity to talk freely, do so, but do not become garrulous or familiar. Answer questions fully. Do not try to impress him with your business knowledge, but rather with your earnestness, sincerity, and desire to give value received in return for an opportunity to show what you can do.

It should not be necessary to speak of personal appearance; yet there are boys and girls who do not seem to realize that soiled linen, extremes in clothing, dirty hands and finger nails, and slovenly writing, make very bad impressions and often prevent the applicant from having an opportunity to prove his merit. If you are careless or extreme about your person, you are likely to be the same way about your employer's business or his property, and he cannot afford to take chances with either.

Some interviewers say they can tell all they want to know about an applicant by the way he makes out the written application. That may or may not be true, but certainly the results indicate whether he is thorough, observant, careful, accurate, neat; whether he has a good memory and what his general intelligence is.

In closing I would urge you to present as good an appearance as possible, and when you have secured a position to be prompt and regular in attendance, willing and courteous in manner, industrious and attentive at work, and to bend every energy to learning all you can about your own work and then as much as circumstances permit about the work of the person or persons next above you or round about you, so that when vacancies arise, as they always do, your attitude and work will have so impressed those in authority that they will have no hesitation in saying: "There is the boy or girl we want to promote."

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AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?

Why not make your living by play, instead of work? Enjoy life as you go and give pleasure to others. Be strong and healthy and make others the same. Keep yourself well and teach others to do likewise. Such is the work and life of a Physical Trainer.

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For Physical Education

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The course includes instruction in athletics, gymnastics, games, dancing, swimming, community dramatics and the like, together with the necessary courses in anatomy, physiology, hygiene, psychology and education. The strongest faculty in this country. See Catalog.

Increasing Demand for Teachers in this work. Salaries better than for grade work.

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Dr. WATSON L. SAVAGE, President
308 West Fifty-ninth Street New York City

THE PIVOT

(Continued from page 6)

vance and do a third of a year's work, or they may repeat a term and bring themselves up to grade. The bright child advances quickly, for he does not have to repeat grades or loaf in the summer; the child of average ability advances more rapidly than he would otherwise, though he may have to repeat some grades; and the dull child, even though he may have to repeat several grades, goes ahead to a point he could not possibly reach under the ten-month plan. Yet, we are told that all-year children are not much younger, grade for grade, than other children, and that they do not save two years in their elementary school course; but if we bear in mind that only 75 per cent. of the all-year pupils return for summer work, and that we lose 10 per cent. of our accelerated pupils by transfer, receiving in exchange an equal number of retarded pupils, and that our children, being handicapped by lingual and environmental difficulties, could not, under conditions otherwise equal, progress as rapidly as more favored children, then it will be seen that an average gain of one year is the most that all-year graduates should be expected to make. They do gain a year, though records do not show this in full because of the fact that the ten-month schools lose many of their over-age pupils while the all-year schools retain them to a greater extent.

COST

The cost of keeping all-year schools open in July and August amounts to about thirteen dollars (\$13) a pupil, but the return is so great that nobody should object to this expenditure. It is not possible to measure in dollars and cents the value of Americanizing thousands of children; we cannot begin to estimate the value of providing educational opportunities for those who are ambitious enough to spend their vacation time in study. What it is worth to enable handicapped pupils to advance rapidly and to reach the higher grades of school, nobody knows; but if education is as valuable as we think it is, then all-year advantages are worth far more than is being paid for them. Business men know that it is poor economy to permit an expensive plant to lie idle for any length of time, and that it is poor economy not to make use of available man power. Likewise it shows poor busi-

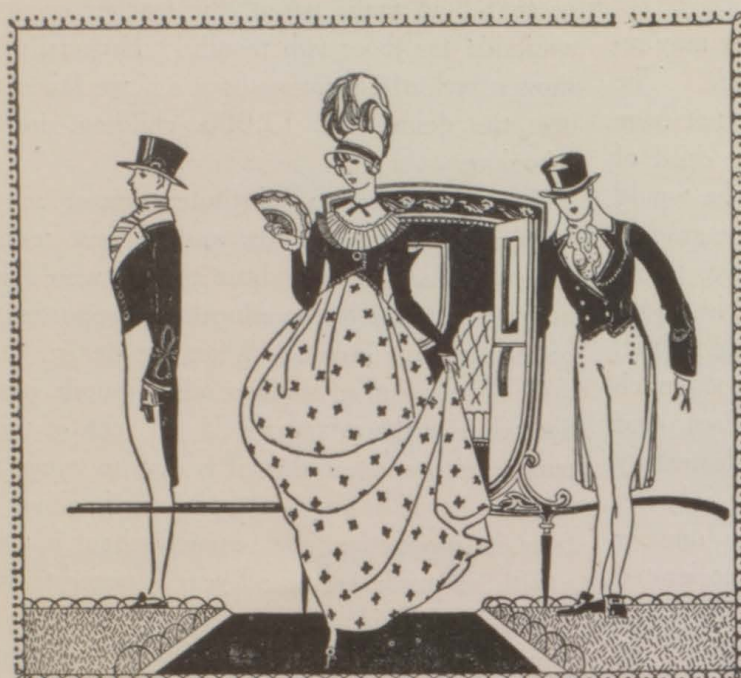
ness judgment to close our schools two months a year or to fail to make use of the teacher energy that is available for those two months. Especially would it show a lack of educational sense if we failed to recognize the desire of 13,000 children for all-year schooling.

It is proposed to substitute summer schools and playgrounds for the July and August term of all-year schools. Hence, little money would be saved after all, and the loss in educational opportunity would be incalculably great. When we realize that less than 15 per cent of summer school pupils gain promotion while at the same time 75 per cent. of the all-year pupils are promoted, then it is easy to gauge the comparative value of the two types of schooling. Judged from its production, the summer school is worth only a fifth as much as the all-year summer term. Even children recognize the greater value of the all-year type as is shown by the fact that 75 per cent. of the pupils in all-year schools remain in school July and August, while only 30 per cent. of the children in schools that have summer school return for the summer months. Wherever the all-year plan has superseded the summer school the attendance has doubled.

The question, therefore, is not whether Newark can afford to maintain the all-year school, but rather, whether it can afford to dispense with it.

[NOTE—The above is a copy of a signed brief presented to the Board of Education by all the Principals of the all-year schools of Newark, New Jersey.]

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Sterling Ice Cream

Delightfully Delicious

Shoe Salesman (who has just fitted his customer)
—Fine! Now you ought to have the last word in spats.

The Meek one (sadly)—Thank you sir, but my wife usually has it.

—o—

Targer—I heard you talking with your girl last night over nothing.

Zweibel—But we were talking over something.

Targer—Gwan—How do you get that way?

Zweibel—Sure. We were talking over the telephone.

—o—

She, Picknicker—(rushing madly from the field)
Oh! John, save me!

He, Picknicker—I told you that a cow is only dangerous when it has lost its calf.

She, Picknicker—That's why I was so frightened! I couldn't see a calf anywhere.

—o—

Little Semmy—Fadder was you beebles well-to-do?

Big Semmy—No. But mein gosh, dey was hard to do.

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 or woman dear is the
 immediate jewel of
 their souls.

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 Bertl's reflect the name of high quality,
 refined taste and reasonableness.

Serving Three Generations of Satis-
 fied Customers.

NORBERT BERTL

Diamond Expert

44-46 Springfield Avenue

I. Mogol—Did you hear of the fellow who fell
 30 stories and didn't get hurt.

E. Berlin—That's impossible. How's that?

I. Mogel—He wore a spring suit.

—o—

B. Stefleman—My niece is only five months old
 and she is getting three teeth.

F. Ginsberg—Yeh! All dumb children get teeth
 early.

L. Solomon—You must have been born with all
 of yours.

—o—

Bessie Lieberman—(driving through suburb)—
 Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?

Sol Rosen—(With enthusiasm)—Sure.

Bessie Lieberman—(pointing toward house which
 they had just passed)—Well, right in there.

—o—

H. Zweibel—Would you accept a pet monkey?

M. Smoleroff—Oh, I would have to ask father.
 This is so sudden.

—o—

As long as there are typewriters, so long shall man
 dictate to woman.

HAVE YOU CHOSEN YOUR VOCATION?

The Profession of Nursing

offers many opportunities, including positions as follows:

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Field trips to the offices and plants of the largest organizations in New York City are a unique characteristic of the work of the Institute. The Registrar is always glad to confer with high-school graduates and their parents.

Pace Institute

30 Church Street New York

Young Wife—Hubby, I've made a cake which is really a poem!

Young Husband—I suppose I'm the waste basket.

—o—

John Kantor—Say, young man, you gave me the wrong change just now.

Ticket Agent—It's too late now. You should have examined it at the time.

John Kantor—All right, thanks. You gave me three dollars too much.

—o—

R. Yanowitz—Do you know what a dumb waiter is?

Fred Hexamer—Sure, an undeveloped elevator for use in hotels, apartments and so on.

R. Yanowitz—I should say not. It's a man who asks a girl for a kiss and waits for her to say "Yes."

—o—

Mistress—You look like a wreck today, Mary. Have you been sitting up all night again, reading a novel?

Mary—Yes, mum. It was such a beautiful story, but they didn't get married till nearly four o'clock this morning!

THE PIVOT

HOW IS YOUR ETIQUETTE?

Do you know how to eat grape fruit and save the juice?

How do you address a lady to whom you have never been introduced?

Is it proper to tie the napkin around the neck or to lay it carelessly yet gracefully across the knees?

What is the proper way to ask for a second helping of stuffed goose.

Is it proper to kick your wife's shins, under the table, when she begins telling some story on you?

Is it proper to allow the lady to buy the theatre tickets? How can you make her do it, even if it is not proper?

Are finger-bowls proper and, if they are served, is it proper to ask the hostess for a cake of soap?

Is it proper at a formal dinner to sit down in your shirt-sleeves?

Do you know what to order in a restaurant when somebody else is paying for it?

Can you tip a cafe waiter ten cents and get away with it?

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Sweet Marie

and

Pure Seed Rye

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20 CLINTON STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

Johnson—A burglar broke into my rooms and ransacked the whole place.

Frances Lee—Did he get anything?

Johnson—He got two years.

Marion Kiell—And what is the height of your ambition?

Rose Yanowitz—Oh, somewhere between five and six feet.

Small Boy—Gee! I wish I'd lived in the pre-historic time!

Small Sister—What for?

Small Boy—That's just like a girl—what for? So I wouldn't have to learn history, of course.

John Kantor—I hear you need a bright, industrious, good-looking young man, for a vacant position you have.

Employer—I do. Whom do you recommend?

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WHO STAY YOUNG

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Admiral (on ship, speaking to his crew)—Not one man will be given liberty today.

Sailor—(in the rear)—Give me liberty or give me death!

Admiral—(wild with rage)—Who said that?

Sailor—(calmly)—Patrick Henry.

—o—
"Mother," said little Mary, "doesn't Aunt Ethel take a bath pretty often?"

"Why yes, dear. Why?"

"I can't understand why her friends are going to give her a shower before she gets married."

—o—
"What would you like me to do for you this evening?" the anxious husband inquired.

"I should like to be left a loan," the wife pouted, prettily.

—o—
Waitress—So you think I am old.

Forman—I do.

Waitress—You ought to try some of our eggs.

—o—
"Absorb The Shocks That Tire You Out"—Poor Report Cards.

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ICE CREAM

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152 MAIN STREET

East Orange, N. J.

Phone Orange 5782

Ethel Tomback—My dear fellow, I can read you fraternity fellows like a book.

Archie Lasser—Perhaps, but you opened to the wrong chapter this time.

—o—

Teacher—Shakespeare wrote Henry VIII.

Forman—(Waking up)—Yes, and when did he get an answer?

—o—

Rose Resnick—I say, will you lend a girl your knife?

Sol Rosen—I know you want to cut the next period.

Rose Resnick—Not at all, merely sharpen my wits.

—o—

Chivian—How old is your girl?

List—Don't know—but she's still a minor.

Chivian—That's fine. Mine's a miner too, she's a precious metal miner—a gold digger.

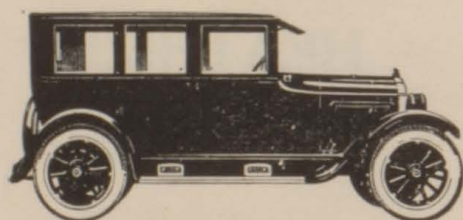
—o—

Turton—So you've bought another car; how do you do it?

Levy—Yeah, where there's a will there's a way.

Phone Waverly 1099

SALES AND SERVICE



FIERSTEIN GARAGE

Overland and Willys Knight

441-443 CLINTON AVENUE

NEWARK, N. J.

THE PIVOT

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JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST

B. BRUH

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BOOKKEEPING CLASSES

Extend Greetings to the Graduating Class of May 1924.

—o—
THE BUSINESS OF LIFE
IS A
GOING CONCERN

—o—
KEEP IT SOLVENT!

Frances Lee—Do you usually shoot a horse with
a broken leg?

Lurie—No, with a gun.

—o—
Bessie Lieberman—Say, have you change of a
quarter?

Eva Gross—Sure!

Bessie Lieberman—Well, lend me fifiteen cents.

—o—
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